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The Nation

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THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1911

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By Dr. LAWRENCE H. MILLS, *Professor of Zend (Avesta) Philology*

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(From issue June 4, 1911.)

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THE battle of Gettysburg was undoubtedly a pivotal, and it can scarcely be disputed that it was the decisive, battle of the Civil War. It has been described in history and in romance; it has been argued about illimitably; yet we do not recall in any other book so clear and easily comprehensible a description of the events of those three days of tremendous fighting as Capt. R. K. Beecham gives in "Gettysburg" (McClurg, \$1.75). The order of engagements and their relative bearing are admirably set forth.

Examining it before reading, one deplores the absence of the usual plans, showing the forces engaged, etc., but one does not miss them, after all. There is a very well drawn relief map of the battlefield, by the aid of which one can follow every maneuver and see the advantages and disadvantages of every position.

There is nothing quite so hard to follow as military maneuvers. "For every battle of the warrior," as Scripture says, "is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood"; and most of the descriptions are likewise. Not so Capt. Beecham's account. He has a concise, lucid style, and his presentation abounds with quaint anecdotes and comments shrewd and naive. One may not quite agree with his criticisms upon the strategy, and especially the tactics, of the various commanders Lee might be apportioned a little less blame, and Meade accorded a little more praise; and yet, in the main, what Capt. Beecham says about Lee's singular tactics and Meade's lack of initiative is largely justified.

In the battle of Chancellorsville the transcendent genius of Lee and of Jackson was at its full flood. For at least a part of that campaign, Hooker proved no unworthy antagonist for the other two. Contrasted with that marvelous campaign the battle of Gettysburg was a rather blundering, pitiable sort of contest, full of bloody and most desperate fighting, but not illuminated by that fine intellectual play of gigantic war fencing, which makes Chancellorsville, though less important, much more memorable. If Lee had had Jackson at Gettysburg, the fight would not have been prolonged for three days, and Meade would probably have been beaten. Certainly Pickett's spectacular but utterly futile and wasteful charge would not have been attempted. On the other hand, had Hooker been left in command instead of Meade, and had Lee been without Jackson as he was, we believe that Lee would have had great difficulty in getting back to Virginia; for Hooker, in spite of his temperamental defects, was a much better offensive fighter than Meade, and would almost certainly have prevented Lee's retiring down the Hagerstown Road to Virginia, after the defeat.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1911.

The Week

Despite the more than two-thirds majority by which the Constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of Senators was adopted by the Senate on Monday, all is not clear sailing before that important measure. As passed, the bill contains a clause, carried only by the casting vote of the Vice-President, retaining for the Federal government the power to supervise Senatorial elections. A similar provision was voted down in the House when the amendment was before it. The result will be to send the bill to conference, with the possibility that it may fail for this session entirely. So powerful, however, is the popular movement in favor of the measure that the chances are for some form of agreement. One would say that the House, in view of its own previous action and the tie vote in the Senate, would be disposed to insist upon the form of the bill which it had accepted. The Senate may eventually recede. Or a satisfactory compromise may be hit upon in conference. It ought to be possible to work one out.

There is no reason for being bitter in criticism of the Senate for its long resistance. That is what a second chamber is for: to refuse to be swept away by what may be only a temporary gust of passion; to scrutinize closely every proposed measure of organic change in order to discover whether it truly is, as it professes to be, within the great democratic tradition and movement. This the Senate has properly done in connection with the plan to elect Senators directly. And it is evident now that the opposition was quietly crumbling long before we saw it collapse. The delay was not wholly time wasted. Senators began to see that they must yield. More and more of their number arrived at the conviction that the innovation was desirable. Doubtless, too, the final decision was helped on by the powerful argument of fact. The scandals of deadlocked Legislatures and elections tainted with bribery had their effect. It is true also that the Senate seemed to come to a feeling that it was, in a way,

on trial, and that something had to be done to recover a fuller degree of popular confidence. Wiser than the House of Lords, it conceded something in order not to be compelled to surrender more. Far from having weakened the two-chamber principle, we think the action of the Senate will be found to have strengthened it. This is irrespective of what the future may show as to the wisdom or un wisdom of the change in the method of electing Senators. The particular cause for satisfaction just now is the demonstration that the Senate, too, is eventually responsive to public opinion. A Second Chamber that is cautious, that insists upon due consideration and upon looking before and after, yet which will not oppose itself to the deliberate will of the people—such is the kind of Senate which the framers of the Constitution intended to give this country.

A laugh has often been raised by the story of the professor of theology who said to his students: "This Biblical text is almost certainly spurious, but we must not give it up without a hard fight." Yet do we not see the same principle, if such it can be called, exemplified in politics? There, too, men will say: "Well, we are going to be beaten, but we'll fight to the last ditch." Just now in Washington, for example, the battle against reciprocity is declared by all to be absolutely hopeless. Even those who are waging it are conscious that defeat awaits them. But are they willing to shorten the dilatory proceedings by a day, to leave one speech undelivered, one hostile motion unoffered? Not at all. These hard-headed and intensely practical statesmen say they are going to hold Congress in session far into the summer heats and spin out every thread of verbose debating to its thinnest—all to be overwhelmed in the end. The theological professor was a miracle of wisdom compared with this.

The speech of Representative Redfield of Brooklyn in the House on Monday was a really effective assault upon the high-protection system. It derives unusual weight from the circumstance that Mr. Redfield is himself a manufacturer

of machinery on a large scale, and, besides knowing the situation here and abroad through his experience in the export trade in his own line of production, has studied foreign conditions in the course of extensive travel. Upon the question of difference of cost of production, he boldly declared that it is impossible to determine such difference, and that the results obtained by the tariff board will be worthless for this purpose unless the board is empowered to call for the cost sheets of the factories engaged in the line of manufacture it is studying. He asserted, what has been declared before by many economists and practical men, that, per unit of product, American labor is the cheapest in the world; and, while this is of course not true in all lines, there can be no doubt of its truth in many important fields. In a recent interview Mr. Redfield had made an extremely interesting statement on this head. In visiting Japan, he had been struck by the fact that American locomotives were sold in that country, in competition with big Japanese locomotive works at which the workmen got only one-fifth of the wages that are paid in the United States. Upon investigation his conclusion was that the actual labor cost in the Japanese locomotive works was three times that in the American. In spite of the low wages.

From Washington we are promised a bill for publicity of campaign expenditure much wider in scope than we have had reason to expect; but we are asked to be patient. It is true that the wide diversity of primary systems, which are to be included as well as election campaigns, makes it extremely difficult to frame a general rule of procedure; yet just here is where the layman would wish to see applied to legislation something of the light of reason which courts find it so necessary to employ afterward. It should be easy enough to prescribe that no man shall be allowed to take his seat in Congress who shall not supply an accounting of every cent he has expended from the moment he set out to achieve office. The English law is even stricter than this. It counts a man's expenditure from the time popular opinion accepts

him as a candidate. That may be some time before the candidate himself has made up his mind to run, but the responsibility is his nevertheless. And the law includes the most indirect forms of influencing the voter's mind by undue means. Only a few days ago a Conservative M.P. was deprived of his seat on the ground that a lavish entertainment given to his constituents shortly before the election constituted bribery.

Brought at this particular juncture, the suit entered against the American Tobacco Company and others by the members of a firm of tobacco brokers which gave up business a few weeks ago, has unusual public interest. The plaintiffs claim damages of \$500,000 under the Sherman Anti-Trust act, their charge being that they were driven out of a business which they had been conducting successfully for twenty-five years, by practices on the part of the defendants which are obnoxious to the prohibitions of the act. It is through the settlement, by the highest judicial tribunal, not only of cases instituted by the Government but also of cases arising out of the specific grievances of injured competitors, that the metes and bounds of the practical operation of the Anti-Trust act will, it may now be hoped, become more and more distinctly and effectively defined. It is not the friends, but the enemies, of anti-monopoly legislation who have insisted that the Sherman act forbids the most ordinary arrangements of modern business; under cover of that extreme interpretation, which carries with it its own destruction, they have claimed immunity for all the devices by which monopoly has built itself up. Whatever else the recent decisions have done, they have stripped away that defence, for good and all.

The partial report submitted to Gov. Dix by Messrs. Osborn and Van Kenne, whom he had appointed to investigate the Prison Department of New York State, makes it easy to understand why Superintendent Collins resigned. That able politician, who was Mr. Roosevelt's "right-hand man" in the great fight for reform at Saratoga last year, at first announced that he would never give up his position "under fire, and defied the investigators to do their worst. Later,

however, he seemed to become aware that removal from office for cause would surely follow, and placed his resignation in the Governor's hands. That act probably saved him from more detailed condemnation than he gets in this first report on his conduct of the prisons, but enough that is damaging is brought out. In addition to finding that unbusiness-like methods and great laxity on the part of the Superintendent have prevailed, the commission reports that there has been direct violation of the law in the matter of the purchase of supplies. Indeed, so serious are the irregularities disclosed in the supply of coal to the prisons, that the commissioners request that the evidence relating thereto be laid before the Attorney-General. This means that there is believed to be ground for prosecution by the State. Officials grow careless even when they are not corrupt; and it is a wholesome thing for them to know that at any moment an authorized visitation may be made upon them, and a full account of their stewardship required.

In a somewhat different way we are seeing the same process illustrated at Washington as in Albany. The House has ordered a number of investigations into the work of various branches of the government, and into other matters. Some of them have already justified their existence. No one can deny, for example, that the inquiry into the Steel Corporation is serving a useful public purpose. But the main thing in all this business is, after all, not so much the definite results that may be reached—not the minor scandals and the petty graft, the official incompetence, or the insolence of office—as the restraining power exerted by the very knowledge that whatever is done may be one day investigated. What grand juries do, not only in sifting the evidence of crime and running down criminals, but in standing before the public as bodies vested with large inquisitorial powers to look into crooked transactions of all sorts, has its analogy in the work of committees of investigation armed with the authority of Congress.

The polo victory is another demonstration of what we can do when we try. To many of those who saw it, and to many of those who read about it, the match must have been a great tumult in

which they knew only what the experts pointed out, but, for all that, it is a famous victory. In England the event has been watched with greater knowledge if less satisfaction, but it is the people of a more ancient civilization still that should have had the first draught from the cup. From India to America by way of England the game has proceeded its exotic way, to find in the least Oriental of all its surroundings a quartet of players worthy of its best exponents. It is in this very fact, however, that the danger lies for the future of American polo. Where would one look for another four capable of making even a respectable fight against this one or any first-class foreign group? If polo were merely a millionaire's game, we might confidently expect a long series of victories, but, as things are, the holders of the present trophy may go down in the annals of the sport as representative not so much of our interest in the game as of the American love of success.

The remorseless northward march of New York's business development is shown again in the loss of Madison Square Garden. Upon its narrow island, and with its almost unbroken gridiron street-system, the pressure of rapidly growing land values, which would in any case be tremendous in such a city as New York, becomes almost irresistible. Nevertheless, there might have been a possibility of saving this great asset for the community life of the metropolis were it not for that other characteristic of New York life, the enormous difficulty of arousing sentiment, upon matters of this kind, to the point of real effectiveness. For, after all, to say that in New York such a plot of land as that on which Madison Square Garden stands is tremendously costly is to present only one side of the case. To match the extraordinary cost of such a site, New York has command of wealth even more extraordinary, both as to the aggregate, and as to the number and the opulence of its wealthy inhabitants. The value of the Garden property per square foot presents no greater contrast to the notions of land value that were familiar half a century ago than does the existing scale of wealth and luxurious expenditure to what in those days seemed reasonable or possible.

Francisco I. Madero's triumphal progress from Juarez had its fitting culmination in what is described as an unprecedented outburst of popular enthusiasm in the Mexican capital. It would be idle to deny that many difficulties and perils still beset the work of reconstruction and pacification in Mexico. But at the same time we cannot overlook the solid basis of hope that is to be found in the zeal with which the body of the Mexican people has rallied to the support of Madero. Undoubtedly, a system like that built up by Diaz cannot be overthrown without leaving capacities for mischief behind it. Nor can a successful revolution be carried out without letting loose many rival personal ambitions, such as Mexico has suffered from before this. But the prestige of Francisco Madero towers so conspicuously above that of any other revolutionary leader that there can be no doubt of his making good his claims against all rivals if only the people of Mexico be left to work out their own destinies. That is what Mexico has a right to expect from our own government and people—that same forbearance which we displayed in the course of the fighting on our Southern frontier and which will constitute one of the most admirable achievements in the record of President Taft and of the American people during his Administration.

Just before the second reading of the Veto bill was voted in the House of Lords, the Archbishop of Canterbury made a plea for conciliation. He said that he would not think of intervening in any question of mere politics, but that when great Constitutional changes were imminent, and party divisions concerning them were violent, it seemed a fitting thing for the spokesmen of the Church to ask for a reasonable adjustment of the controversy through a meeting of the leaders in a spirit of compromise. The Lord Chancellor, however, replied to the Archbishop, and said that his appeal came too late. The Conservatives had their chance in 1909 with the budget, but deliberately threw it away. This response by the Chancellor was later described by Lord Rosebery as "a mailed fist shot out straight from the Woolsack to level the Primate and all his aspirations to the ground." But even Rosebery, in the course of his stirring speech, was able to suggest no

way out for the Lords. He virtually advised them to submit to the bitter necessity forced upon them. They talked of appealing again to the electorate, but Lord Rosebery said, "to speak quite plainly," that he must tell them there was no possible hope of success in that. The rather lame conclusion of his vigorous oration was as follows: "We have muddled through worse situations than this. I think we shall muddle through this, even though we shall be compelled to bow the neck to the yoke and be prepared to see for the second time the Second Chamber depart out of our Constitutional arrangements."

One of the first steps in the formulation of a law of the air has been taken in Great Britain, where Mr. Churchill has introduced a bill "for the protection of the public against dangers arising from the navigation of air craft." The entrance of the airship within the domain of law has already been foreseen and discussed. But while the attention of legislators has been directed toward the property aspects of the question, primarily in connection with the maxim that the owner of real estate holds title to the air above his lands, the police aspect of the matter has come rapidly to the front. Before the aeroplane has received consideration as a pleasure-vehicle or a common carrier, it claims our attention as a nuisance. Mr. Churchill's bill penalizes reckless or negligent driving in a flying machine. The maximum penalty is £500 or two years' imprisonment, or both. It also provides that in determining the question of danger to the public the amount of damage to persons or property likely to occur in case of a mishap is to be taken into consideration. The bill is admittedly a temporary measure. It is aimed at reckless performances by airmen at public exhibitions and spectacular navigation over great crowds, such, for instance, as now fill London for the coronation.

French opposition to the latest Spanish advance in Morocco has slight legal basis. In occupying Tetuan and preparing to occupy El-Arish or Larache, Spain is well within her rights under the Act of Algeciras. That compact, in providing for the maintenance of order in the Moroccan ports by an international police, assigned Tetuan and Larache to

Spain. That the organization of the police force would remain a dead letter until it suited France or Spain to make use of its rights was probably well understood at Algeciras. Spain has decided that now is the time. Though her rights in the matter would seem to be plain, the wisdom of Spanish policy at this juncture can be seriously questioned. In the first place, little profit can come from antagonizing the French government at the present critical juncture. Spain's international situation is certainly not improved thereby, unless the country is prepared for a diplomatic revolution and is ready to make friends with Germany. But the internal situation in Spain would seem to be even more discouraging to a policy of adventure. The military reverses at Melilla two years ago nearly cost Alfonso XIII his throne. Since that day the republican movement in Spain has lost little of its strength, and another ill-managed campaign in Morocco might easily have still more alarming consequences.

Berlin, June 2.—The new zoological garden restaurant was opened in the presence of representatives of the government, the municipality, and a distinguished assembly of leading Berliners. Ten thousand persons can sit down simultaneously beneath its roof. Open-air terraces for use in summer will accommodate another 10,000 diners, and thus 20,000 will be able to take a meal at the same time.

That 20,000 persons can eat simultaneously at one restaurant may not at first seem to be a momentous matter, but there is an importance not easily exaggerated in the principle that underlies this opening of a vast and attractive resort where multitudes of people of moderate means in Berlin can at any time find rational and tranquil recreation. Our American failure to understand it is one of the standing puzzles of international psychology. With twice the population of Berlin, how many places are there in New York where not twenty thousand, nor ten thousand, but one thousand or one hundred persons can find similar satisfaction? Where can a man go with his wife and children, and spend an evening in the open air, with refreshment at prices to fit a modest purse, with good music, and without noise, garishness, or vulgarity? And New York in this is typical of our American cities.

THE "TENNESSEE COAL DEAL" AND
THE PANIC OF 1907.

The testimony elicited by the House committee's inquiry into the Steel Corporation's origin and career will serve, we do not doubt, as an important part of the raw material for future histories of the period. But on one point people who are reading the testimony are already beginning to get perplexed. The part which the purchase of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation played in the panic of 1907 appears to be involved in deeper mystery with the progress of the testimony at Washington and with the newspaper comment on that testimony.

The Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was a competitor of the Steel Corporation in some branches of its trade. It was capitalized for \$50,000,000, and in 1907 it had been paying 4 per cent. annual dividends. Its control had been acquired, and its stock manipulated in glaring fashion, by a group of capitalists identified rather more closely with the Stock Exchange than with the iron industry. They had run up this 4 per cent. stock to 162, and in doing so had virtually cornered it in the hands of a syndicate, made up chiefly of the company's directors. The Stock Exchange firm which had borrowed the money for the operation, and which held the Tennessee Coal and Iron stock as collateral, got into serious trouble when the panic came. It would probably have failed if it could not have realized somehow on its cornered stock.

The harassed stock-brokers, as one of the firm declared to the Culberson committee, applied to the Steel Corporation to take the stock off their hands. Ten days after the outbreak of the panic on the Stock Exchange, the offer was made of Steel Corporation second mortgage bonds in exchange for the Tennessee Coal and Iron shares, on the valuation of 96 for the surrendered stock. The Steel Corporation officers, before closing the deal, went to Washington to submit the question to President Roosevelt, and the President, after hearing their report of what would happen if the deal should not go through, replied, according to Judge Gary's testimony, "that while he would not and could not legally make any binding promise or agreement, he did not hesitate to say, from all the circumstances as presented, that

he certainly would not advise against the proposed purchase." The exchange of securities thereupon was made, and the brokers were able to raise, on collateral of the Steel Corporation bonds, the money which they had not been able to obtain or to retain on the security of the Tennessee Coal and Iron shares.

The Stanley committee apparently began its investigation, as did the Culberson committee of 1909, with a view to questioning the legality, under the Anti-Trust law, of this purchase of a competing property. But the inquiry has taken very much wider scope. The first point of controversy seems to be whether the terms on which the Steel Corporation bought were fair, or whether wicked advantage was taken of the necessities of the owners. That question is complicated by the known fact that the Tennessee stock was cornered and was apparently ruling at a fictitious price.

Mr. John W. Gates, who was one of the Tennessee Coal syndicate, described it two weeks ago as a "forced sale"; his "surmise" being that "the finding of a large amount of Tennessee Coal and Iron as collateral in one of the banks or trust companies" was the cause. Judge Gary, on the contrary, has testified that the counsel of the embarrassed brokers came personally to the Steel Corporation officers and told them that the banks "had called these loans, or insisted upon Moore & Schley taking up the Tennessee Coal and Iron stock, for the reason that it was not salable."

The second explanation is at least plausible, since the Stock Exchange records of the day show that the stock had no market at ruling prices, and since every one knows what banks were at that time compelled to do in self-protection. But the further question is pressed whether the granting of loans on Steel bond collateral, which were being refused on the Tennessee stock, may not have represented a Wall Street "hold up." Judge Gary has testified that the Steel Corporation, which had \$75,000,000 cash on deposit in banks throughout the country, would have preferred to pay in cash, but could not do so "without disturbing the financial conditions of these banks where our money was deposited." Here, too, is a plausible answer. The inference, to be sure, is left that the interests identified with the Steel bonds could and did command

supplies of credit which the interests identified with the Tennessee shares could not. Yet such situations always exist in panic times, when personal confidence counts for more than confidence in values.

The other question, whether the "Tennessee deal" was or was not an absolutely necessary expedient to check the panic, is more difficult to answer. It is a matter of opinion; proof is, in the nature of the case, impossible. On the one hand, it is certain that the purchase did not stop the panic; the run on the trust companies was ended only by the banding together of the affiliated institutions to guarantee their payments. But, on the other hand, the failure of Moore & Schley would undoubtedly have precipitated catastrophes in Wall Street which did not happen with that firm's solvency maintained.

It is entirely probable, at any rate, that panic would have ended in due course, with or without the Tennessee Coal transaction. Judge Gary quotes Mr. Morgan as saying, at the time, that if the Steel Corporation "does not buy the stock, or unless it or some one else furnishes relief at this particular time, there is not any man on earth can say what the result will be in financial circles." The prediction was undoubtedly correct; but "some one else" was about to bring the relief which always comes at exactly that stage of a financial panic. The concerted guarantee, by powerful institutions, of the assets of the embarrassed trust companies, and the enormous import of gold from Europe in response to our market's sale of securities and commodities at a heavy discount, were factors in the eventual return of financial equilibrium, compared with which the "Tennessee deal" must sink into insignificance.

CURRENTS IN AMERICAN SOCIALISM.

Since the days of the late Henry Demarest Lloyd, New Zealand has been the great exemplar of advanced democracy. Whenever Socialists have fallen into the capitalist habit of pointing with pride, it is to New Zealand they have pointed; not perhaps as an example of the model socialistic state, but as a community justifying the claim that the way toward the abolition of poverty is through the transfer of economic functions from private individuals to

the state. But now comes Charles Edward Russell, who was the Socialist candidate for Governor of New York last autumn, and declares that progressive New Zealand, as the Socialists have called it, or socialistic New Zealand, as the conservatives have called it, is as badly off as we are. Long ago we learned that this "country without strikes" has had some very severe strikes. Mr. Russell now assures us that New Zealand also has poverty, slums, monopolies, landlordism, and a government subservient to class interests. Faster than government can take over private business, private business keeps up opening new channels of enterprise. And in those lines of industry where government competes with private initiative, government competition is but a farce.

The implications of Mr. Russell's statement are interesting. It places him with the revolutionary wing of American Socialists, with those who distrust the methods of gradual political conquest, those who, in the last resort, may be said to distrust the efficacy of political methods altogether. It is at first sight anomalous that one of the leading men in the Socialist movement should assume this position just when the Socialists have begun to win political victories and have given evidence that they must be reckoned with in the alignment of political parties. By the conservative press the charge has been made that the Socialist administration in Milwaukee is a failure. What Mr. Russell is now asserting is virtually that the Socialist administration in Milwaukee is bound to be a failure. For New Zealand has gone far beyond the Milwaukee Socialists in socializing industry and government, and New Zealand is a failure.

This situation means only that Socialism in this country is passing through the same evolution it has experienced in France, Great Britain, and Italy, and is now experiencing in Germany. It is easy enough for a party to be fiercely revolutionary when it is a hopeless minority with no chance of attaining office. The temptation comes with the first taste of power. Comes also the inevitable cleavage between those who are willing to take what they can get in expectation of better things to come, and those who see in compromise the wiles of the devil. Victory, on the whole, inclines to the moderates. In France, the

revolutionary Socialists can point to men like Millerand, Viviani, and Briand, to prove the impossibility of a Socialist's joining hands with a "bourgeois" Ministry and remaining true to his faith. But that, after all, is judging from the revolutionary standpoint. The men in question may have ceased to be good Socialists in the very act of tingeing the whole French government a Socialist red. In any case, repeatedly disillusioned, the French Socialists are always supplying the Government with recruits from their ranks. In Great Britain, the socialistic element in the Labor party is acting in harmony with the Liberals. Italy has witnessed the unusual phenomenon of an ultra-revolutionist like Enrico Ferri rallying, not only to the Government, but to the monarchy. Germany has been the classic instance of no-compromise Socialism. For decades, the Socialists in the Reichstag have abstained from voting with the Government on any measure. But in Germany, too, the revisionist or moderate element is growing from year to year and has already sensibly modified the policy of the party in the non-Prussian states.

What does the revolutionary Socialist offer as a programme alternative to compromise? It is well enough to wait in solemn silence till you have won over a majority of all the voters in the country, and then start in and make a clean sweep of things. But even the revolutionist is aware of the danger of such a course. Nothing worse could happen to Socialism than that it should all at once be called upon to take over the reins of government. And even if Socialist leaders were willing to take the chance, it would be quite impossible to keep their followers inactive during the long years of waiting. Only Prussian discipline could make some three million Socialist voters content to sit tight and do nothing; and even in Prussia the Socialist voter's patience is coming to an end. Realizing, therefore, that something must be done to train the Socialist masses for the ultimate triumph and at the same time to keep their minds from wandering to the fleshpots of office and partial success, Mr. Russell proposes coöperation. While waiting for their ranks to swell, while waiting for the iniquitous system of capitalist production to complete its own inevitable suicide, Socialists may begin

preparing on a partial scale for that new coöperative system of production which is ultimately to become universal.

But to advocate coöperation is only to argue in a circle. What reason has Mr. Russell for believing that the gradual introduction of Socialism in the economic sphere will be any more successful than the gradual introduction of Socialism into polities? In New Zealand, for instance, government ownership is not a success, because government landlordship is opposed by private land trusts, and government oil fields must compete with private oil monopolies. If the New Zealand government cannot compete with private enterprise, what chance has private coöperative enterprise in this country to make its way against the all-powerful Trusts? Hence the revolutionary course of action and reasoning would be somewhat as follows: We distrust partial political victories; we cannot wait for the ultimate political victory without doing something; we will initiate coöperative industry; it fails; it fails because private effort can do nothing against the Trusts; the Trusts must be taken over by the government; to do that we must have a majority of the voters on our side. And the circle is completed.

If New Zealand is indeed a failure, it is a most discouraging thing for Socialism. There is the New Zealand method of reconstituting society and there is revolution. The tendency among Socialists the world over is away from revolution as an impossible method toward the New Zealand method. But if Mr. Russell is right, this means only changing a policy that is impossible for a policy that is destined to fail.

INSURANCE AND DEMOCRACY.

The address delivered by Mr. Brandeis before the National Congress of Charities and Correction at Boston bears the title "Workingmen's Insurance — The Road to Social Efficiency." The sub-title, however, points to but one of the two parts into which the address is sharply divided. It is only after an eloquent introduction, dealing with the relation between the reform he advocates and the fundamental presuppositions of democratic government, that he takes up the question of the financial possibilities of workingmen's insurance and the results

in the form of social and individual welfare which are to be expected from it. That his exposition is forcible, on both heads, goes without saying. A distinctive feature of it is the comparison he draws with the operation of an insurance system in an entirely different domain, that of the "factory mutuals" of New England. The way in which these associations have cut down the fire loss in the establishments to which they apply is well known; and Mr. Brandeis is right in saying that this has been accomplished "by recognizing that the purpose of these so-called fire insurance companies is not to pay losses but to prevent fires." And he argues that just as the immediate benefit realized in the shape of reduced insurance premiums has led to a development of methods of fire prevention which have cut down losses to a small fraction of what they formerly were, so similar results in the prevention of death and injury to human beings would be attained, if the cost of these evils were daily made plainly visible in the shape of insurance expenses.

The idea is suggestive, and worth serious consideration. That in the ardor of his reformatory zeal Mr. Brandeis enormously overrates the value of the analogy must, however, be clear upon a little reflection. What he is talking about is insurance not only against accident, but also against invalidity and old age. The calamities due to accident might be cut down, we believe, to a small fraction of their present number by the adoption of proper precautions; and the fact that these precautions could be instituted at a moderate expense, and that it would evidently pay to institute them, if compulsory compensation laws were in operation, is one of the strongest arguments for the enactment of such laws. It has been because of the evident practicability and profitableness of fire-prevention arrangements that the factory mutuals have accomplished their results. But in the matter of old age, and in a large measure of invalidity also, no such simple connection exists; and, what is more to the purpose, it is not clear—taking a cold-blooded view of the matter—that the cost of supporting people in their old age would be diminished at all by the improvement of conditions. According to Mr. Brandeis's figures, the cost of fire insurance in the Boston Manufac-

turers' Mutual Fire Insurance Companies was reduced in fifty years from \$4.37 per \$1,000 to 68 cents per \$1,000; of course, nothing even in the remotest degree resembling such a result could be looked for in the field of human insurance. Incidentally, we may mention that a closer acquaintance with death-rate statistics would have prevented Mr. Brandeis from accepting at their face value the figures for the model factory village at Bourneville, near Birmingham, which he says show "how near at hand the remedy for high mortality lies." While the general death rate in England and Wales was 15.7, that at Ecurneville was 6.3; but Mr. Brandeis should reflect that to suppose this latter rate normal and permanent would be to suppose for all born at that favored spot an average length of life which is simply ridiculous.

Whether Mr. Brandeis overrates the possibilities of workingmen's insurance or not, no one can dispute the great importance of the subject. But in what way progress in this field can best be brought about, and what are its relations to the functions of government in a democracy like ours, is a far deeper question. Mr. Brandeis boldly lays it down that without it our government is a false pretence. He does not say it in so many words, but that is the precise purport of his assertions. Our government, he says, imposes upon the citizen a duty that can be entrusted with safety only to free men, the duty of voting, but "men are not free while financially dependent upon the will of other individuals. Financial dependence is consistent with freedom only where claim to support rests upon right, and not upon favor." And again: "If the government permits conditions to exist which make large classes of citizens financially dependent, the great evil of dependence should at least be minimized by the state's assuming, or causing to be assumed by others, in some form the burden incident to its own shortcomings."

We venture to doubt whether Mr. Brandeis or the hundreds who will thoughtlessly accept his doctrine have any real conception of its significance. It "men are not free while financially dependent upon the will of other individuals," the little homœopathic dose of freedom which would be injected into them by any scheme of mere old-age and invalid pensions would be far from suf-

ficient to redeem them from their servitude. If it is necessary, in order that a man hold his head erect and vote as a freeman, that his subsistence and comfort be assured, nothing short of a socialistic revolution of the most complete character can supply the need of our democracy. That a man shall merely be able to keep soul and body together cannot satisfy his demands upon life; and under existing conditions millions would, even under a scheme of pensions vastly more liberal than anything Mr. Brandeis has in mind, be dependent for anything beyond that upon persons and things not within their own control. As for real political independence, the homœopathic dose would not merely fail to give this, but would actually take it away. The history of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the history of the protected industries, furnish clear object lessons of the effect of a claim on government support. With millions of men taught that it is the duty of the government to support them, and not of them to support the government, everything except the degree of that support would sink into insignificance in their political calculations. If we are not to have downright economic equality, dependence on the decrees of the government for a dole of economic help—whether regarded as a right or not—is bound to reduce to an inferior political status those classes to whom it applies.

THE MALIGNED PAGAN.

Paganism stands in need of clear definition. When a baccalaureate orator, the other day, applied the term pagan to Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, Hauptmann, Ibsen, and Shaw, he obviously brought together birds of a different feather. Few people at first sight would deny the justice of the description as applied to the Italian, the Englishman, and the Norseman. But they would take exception to Maeterlinck, whose spirit and interests are not strikingly anti-Christian. And they would object to Hauptmann, whose career has been consistently one of service to the cause of beauty, no matter into what mystical vagaries he has latterly fallen. Neither in Maeterlinck nor in Hauptmann can we find that vigorous and intentional antagonism to established standards of ethics, social life, and religious faith which the other three men

have manifested, with decency by Ibsen and Shaw, with license by D'Annunzio. At bottom none of these five men is a pagan, and neither other people's calling him that nor his own calling himself that will make him so. Take the entire class of "modernists" in contemporary literature and the drama, and whatever else they are, they are not Greeks or Romans. They may be poor Christians, but they are still poorer pagans.

Three radical differences in character and temperament mark off the people of the classic world from the representatives of the "modern" spirit. The moderns are primarily and defiantly individualistic, and the ancients were not. Ibsen and Shaw and Wells and D'Annunzio are enormously self-conscious, and the ancients were not. Finally, the pagans were very good fighters, whereas Shaw and Wells and the others, first appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, are not. After cutting loose from conventional religion, conventional ethics, and conventional social arrangements, the modernists may formulate a system of their own, but they will find no model for their new institutions either at Athens or at Rome. Neither Solon nor Plato nor the Roman system knew anything of the sacred rights of the individual which Nietzsche, Ibsen, and Shaw have for their main fulcrum to topple over society. When these men assert the right of the person to live his own life in defiance of a worn-out Christian ecclesiasticism or a Christian system of ethics and family organization, they are warring against the great influence which first turned the centre of human interest from the state to the individual. It is quite certain that G. B. S. would never have enjoyed the liberty of speech or action under the Greek or Roman republics that he enjoys under Mrs. Grundy and George V.

The old pagans were not self-conscious. They were not always looking at their tongues in a mirror and feeling their pulse. They were not aware of their own bodies to the painful extent to which the modernists have carried their antipathy for clothes. They did not go about eternally fussing about the conflict between Duty and Beauty. Somehow they managed to keep the two in harmony, or, if they did not, they acted with fine innocence. They knew little of the parasitic theory of art from

which Mr. Shaw finds it so difficult to get away. That is, they did not think it essential that, in order to create beauty, a man must be a scoundrel, a dipsomaniac, and a law unto himself. Plato, to be sure, was aware of the vagaries of the poet, and had his doubts about his qualifications for citizenship. But Plato's remedy was not to turn society topsy-turvy, but to keep poets out of his republic. In general, these old pagans did not go about, as D'Annunzio does, saying to themselves, "Go to, I will create beauty. I cannot subscribe to the accepted laws of honor, because I must create beauty. I cannot and need not pay my debts or hold to my contracts, because I must create beauty." They created beauty as part of the normal day's work and without theorizing overmuch about it. To-day we theorize all the time about it and create good advertising copy.

The old pagans, like most normal men, could wage a good fight, whereas our moderns can only knock heads. To make a good fighter one must be essentially simple-hearted, whereas modernity is nothing if not complex. Ibsen, Shaw, Wells, and Galsworthy cannot fight, for the simple reason that they cannot pick a single issue to fight upon. The despised reforming Liberals of the Bentham, Mill, and John Bright type could fight because they had definite material ends in mind. The orthodox Socialists of the present day can fight because they, too, have definite material ends in view. A co-operative commonwealth, shorter hours, anti-militarism—these are fairly imaginable and mutually consistent issues. But Shaw, and Wells, and even Galsworthy, do not know what they want. They are Socialists who want the state to dominate, and individualists who assert the rights of the individual against society, and advocates of an income tax, workmen's insurance, and tenement-house reform, and mystics who believe in things not of this world, and poets, and several other things. In other words, they want to eat their cake and have it, an inconsistency of which the pagan mind was seldom guilty.

In justice, therefore, to the old pagans it should be pointed out that with all their defects they did build up a social organism and a civilization, and that under their institutions men worked and bartered and created beauty,

married and gave in marriage, fought and made peace, and did all this unconsciously and consistently. What institutions the modern spirit, as revealed in the men we have been discussing, will develop, we find it impossible to imagine. The indications would seem to point to a system in which the state shall compel every one to do what he pleases.

THE ENGLISH COPYRIGHT BILL

LONDON, June 3.

That good intentions do not carry one far in drafting an adequate statute has been illustrated once more by the experiences of the copyright bill now under discussion. It was introduced into the House of Commons with a flourish of trumpets. On a second reading, the bill was carried without a division. Since then its details have been scrutinized by a standing committee of the House and by a host of newspaper correspondents outside, with the result of a general conviction that it must be made over again, and "made different."

The sections relating to music have given rise to an animated controversy. The most troublesome question relates to the mechanical means of performance—phonographs, piano players, and the like—that have come into such popularity during the last few years. The framers of the Copyright act of 1842 did not foresee this development, and therefore made no definition of the status of "records." Hitherto the composer has received nothing from the companies manufacturing these records, though they have paid thousands of pounds in royalties to Melba, Caruso, and other singers whose renderings they have reproduced. The present bill takes the position that a disk or cylinder or roll is as much a copy of a piece of music as is the sheet on which it is printed for use in ordinary piano-playing. But the mechanical music makers are now a powerful industry with large investments at stake. One company alone, as certified at Somerset House, has made more than a million dollars of profit during the last three years. The manufacturers are naturally using all their influence against the proposed change, and insist, in the words of the manager of the company just mentioned, that "the author plays a limited part, and often a very limited part, in the production of the finished record, and that he is not entitled to claim the record as his sole creation, and to enjoy without due regard to the interests of his fellow workers the exclusive benefit of mechanical reproduction."

On the artistic as well as the musical side of the bill a "joker" has been discovered. It seems that, if an engraving, photograph, or portrait is ordered by

some person and made for valuable consideration, the person who has ordered the work is to be the owner of the copyright. If, however, the order is for anything else—e. g., a landscape painting or a statue—the copyright is to be held by the actual author. Thus, if a person orders a statue and then causes a photograph to be taken of it to distribute among his friends, he will become liable to an action for breach of copyright. Further, a clause provides that the sale of a picture or statue does not carry with it the transfer of copyright, unless such assignment is made in writing. Thus, unless the purchaser of a picture is forewarned of this risk, he may find that the seller still retains the copyright in it, and is making a good profit by the exclusive sale of reproductions. A novelty to British law is the proposal to give protection to architecture. This has been criticised as "copyright run mad," but it is in accordance with the Berlin convention, which has been agreed to by nearly all the great European nations.

The application of the bill to literature opens up a number of disputed questions, several of which closely concern the rights of the newspaper press. Take, for example, the problem of the reporting of lectures and speeches. Pleas were made by some of the Labor and Radical members of the House of Commons committee for the entire exclusion of lectures from the advantages of copyright, on the ground that their general dissemination through the press was for the public benefit. On the other hand, it was pointed out that many men earned almost their whole living by the delivery of lectures; and, if these lectures could be published *in extenso* in the press, they would suffer severe loss. Probably the case will be settled by simplifying the existing process, rather a roundabout one, of copyrighting a lecture, while allowing newspapers to publish a "reasonable summary." At the same time, one member of the committee argued that a distinction should be made between "speeches" and "lectures" for the purposes of this bill. He did not propose to take away the right of Lord Rosebery, for instance, to publish a collection of his speeches afterward, but it was important, in the interests of the public, that newspapers should be permitted to publish verbatim reports of them at the time of their delivery.

As regards books, the chief point at issue is the duration of copyright. At present the British law allows copyright for either (1) the author's life, plus seven years, or (2) forty-two years from the date of publication, according as the one period or the other turns out to be the longer. The new bill abolishes the variable term, substituting for it the uniform period of the author's life plus fifty years after his death. In favor of the uniform system the practical con-

venience is urged that all the works of an author should go out of copyright together, and that there should not be the need of discovering the date of publication of each several volume. This enlargement of the term is subject, however, to one important qualification. The bill provides that at the end of twenty-five years the controller-general of patents shall be empowered to issue licenses for the production of the book by other persons than the owner of the copyright if, in his judgment, the book is unduly withheld from the public, whether by the excessive price charged for copies, or by the undue limitation of the number of copies issued, or in any other manner.

The proposal for an extension of the term has been fiercely assailed in the name of democracy. The doctrine that "the fruits of genius"—in which seem to be included also the fruits of toil and research—belong to everybody who would like to share them has been preached by reputable persons in language that reads like a plagiarism from the exposition of the ethics of copyright given to Nicholas Nickleby by Mr. Gregsby, M.P. One is thankful to Sir W. Robertson Nicoll for his direct, blunt acceptance of the challenge contained in this demand. "It is pleaded," he says, "that the copyright works of such authors as Tennyson cost some shillings to come by. So they should." As a matter of fact this assumption is far from valid. "Books are sold," says the Manchester *Guardian*, "according to the demand for them, and not according to their freedom from copyright, and the cheapest books of the day are copyright books. You can buy Mr. H. G. Wells's 'Tono-Bungay,' which is no more than two years old, for sevenpence. You can buy Walter Bagehot's 'English Constitution'—an older book, but still in copyright—for a shilling, and when the copyright finally falls in it is hardly likely that it will be possible to buy it for less."

In fact, the clauses relating to the term of copyright deserve criticism, not for their lengthening of the period, but for the serious risk of injustice through their provision for its limitation by the authority of the controller of patents. This means that as soon as an author has been dead for twenty-five years the holder of the copyright in his works may find its ownership a *damnosa hereditas*. During the second half of the fifty years' period repeated applications may be made to the controller for the issue of a license, and every time the application is resisted heavy expenses may be involved. As power is given to the controller to "award any party such costs as he may consider reasonable," the author's representatives may not only lose their property, but be heavily fined into the bargain. As a result of the discussion in the standing commit-

tee the bill is likely to be so amended as to give absolute copyright until twenty-five years after the author's death, to be followed by twenty-five years of limited copyright, during which it shall be open to any person to reproduce the book on condition of giving notice of his intention and paying the holder of the copyright royalties at the rate of 10 per cent. on all copies sold.

This summary has by no means exhausted the list of the debatable points in the Copyright bill of 1911. For example, the question of the relation of copyright in Great Britain to copyright in the self-governing dominions bristles with difficulties. Yet it is most desirable that the work of simplifying and revising the existing law shall be completed without much longer delay. At present the courts have to follow the guidance of twenty-four acts of Parliament and several orders in council, extending from 1734 to 1907.

H. W. H.

L'ESPRIT DE LA NOUVELLE SORBONNE.

PARIS, May 31.

Writing over the signature "Agathon," two students at the University of Paris have published a vigorous attack on the decline of classical culture at the Sorbonne and the corresponding rise of methods characterized as excessively utilitarian. Agathon finds in the "palace" of the New Sorbonne no stronghold of traditional French culture, no intelligent interpretation of the seventeenth-century classics, no leaven of Greek and Roman thought for the modern world. On the contrary, he meets in every corridor a horde of Germanic, socialistic, pseudo-scientific influences, transforming the institution into an arid desert where nothing flourishes but the cactus of bibliography and the aloes of card-indexes. The subjects of study are split into an infinity of specialized chapters, so small and so narrow as to have no real educational value. It is merely "the dust of education." He cites the following subjects given out for compositions:

Study the verb or the adjective on a certain page of Montaigne. Study the subjunctive in the following selection from Heine. Study the model auxiliary in this passage of Lenau.

This sort of work, says Agathon, drives the intelligent and imaginative student to despair. At the same time, it puts a premium on the temperament which can make an indefinite number of notes on cards, but which is totally incapable of forming a personal, original opinion. The Sorbonne is suffocating under a flood of index-cards, like the famous Penguin Islander, Fulgence Tapiir. "Personal meditation . . . is proscribed as suspect and dangerous." The classics are studied as philological phenomena; notes, glossaries, compari-

son of texts, the dry bones of erudition, taking precedence over the beauty of the flesh and the influence of the spirit. As for history, M. Seignobos, "one of the boldest protagonists of the scientific method," is quoted to the effect that "nothing in history is certain, but the truths of La Palice." The original truth of La Palice, it might be remarked parenthetically, is to be found in the verses, composed by his men-at-arms:

Fifteen minutes before his death
He was still alive.

M. Seignobos will not admit the value of any fact less adamantine. In the matter of literature, a professor devotes a lesson to the following: Leconte de Lisle wrote a poem in which there was mention of a yellow-bellied lion. Very good. Appears a second edition in which yellow has turned to white. Discussion, followed by conclusion that the poet should have written yellow-and-white, since, in fact, the belly of the lion is white streaked with yellow.

Agathon is particularly severe with regard to the "scientific method" in the study of letters and history. The blame is laid at the door of M. Durkheim's objective doctrines. Durkheim, of Jewish extraction, is a professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne, whose course this year was on the "Science of Education." He is also a member of the Council of the University and of the Consulting Committee which supervises the appointments to chairs of higher education. His influence, therefore, is considerable. His system consists in the effacement of the individual. He speaks of society, of the Social Being, as something quite apart from the individual, having no connection with it. His scientific method takes no account of personalities or of imaginations. It knows only one thing: a fact, a solid, concrete, scientific fact, capable of demonstration. It being impossible to demonstrate the absolute value of a personal opinion, all such opinions are rejected. Everything is reduced to the bashest, the most level materialism. The Social Being is not endowed with talent or an imagination. Such things imply an undemocratic differentiation from the mass. When confronted by a scene from Molière or a page of La Bruyère, the Being's "esthetic reaction" is inappreciable. He is capable of a philological dissection of the passage in question; nothing more. Since, according to M. Durkheim, this rather pedestrian Social Being is all that exists in the world of democracy—or at least all that counts—everything must be arranged to suit his tastes and limitations; everything, even to the Faculty of Letters. He thrives on the scientific method; but on classicism, on appreciative or creative criticism, on general ideas, on disinterested human culture, he starves. Therefore, "the master no longer says to the pupil, 'Think; propose ideas for our dis-

cussion; little by little, we shall be able to disengage certain truths.' No, M. Durkheim's word of command is, 'You shall do this, and nothing else; you shall work in this way and no other; anything you obtain by other procedures will not be science.'

There is no doubt that in the matter of examinations for degrees, there has been a marked lowering of the standard under the influence of this method. The theme in Latin has been abolished—too classical. Also the theme in French—too literary. Remains the exposition of Heine's subjunctives. Agathon cites an amusing manifestation of the "scientific superstition":

At the Sorbonne there is a little room where the students meet to read and comment Montaigne, Corneille, Voltaire, the authors of the programme. Formerly such a place was called a *study*. But a name so modest would not suit the dignity of the work carried on there. At present it is called: *Laboratory of French Philology*. If by chance you are curious as to what goes on in this austere chamber and ask for some enlightenment on the subject, you will be told, "that is a workshop for scientific manipulations—of French texts." . . . But open the door and listen to this admonishing voice: "Gentlemen, you should clean your instruments before using them." Have you wandered into the department of chemistry? No, indeed, it is M. Seignobos, professor of history, criticising Fustel de Coulanges, in advising his students to utilize only unimpeachable texts.

Hand in hand with the progress of the scientific method goes the decline of good French. The "manipulators" in the "philological laboratories" seem deplorably lacking in the ability to express the results of their experiments in precise, correct, literary French. This phenomenon is recognized even by such defenders of the Sorbonne as M. Lanson and M. Lavis. The serious papers of Paris comment on it frequently and at length. The *Temps* says, "At the Sorbonne, they speak German, English, Russian, Hungarian, Vlach, Manchu, without counting the jargon peculiar to sociologists; but, with rare exceptions, they no longer write French." The *Journal des Débats* is of the same opinion. M. Faguet, who knows, if any one does, what pure and brilliant French is like, goes even farther and says that in the future,

There will be two languages: the one, French, written by a few people and understood by them and by some others, not many; the other, a language for which a name will be found, very imprecise, very vague, amorphous, confused, which no one, therefore, will understand very well, but which will serve, nevertheless, as the means of a somewhat rudimentary, somewhat barbarous communication between men, and which will have some distant connections, very nearly recognizable, with French.

Agathon's book takes a view of the situation perhaps a little too gloomy. In spite of M. Durkheim, there is probably

still a good deal of "general culture" to be had at the Sorbonne. But, as regards the programme of studies for the degrees and in the matter of the "crise du français," making all due allowance for prejudices, the charges seem in the main to be true. The source of the trouble is apparently the "reform" of the secondary education brought about in 1902. This change consisted in dividing the lycée programmes into four groups or "cycles," which lead to diplomas equivalent in grade, but differing widely in the studies represented. These cycles are, respectively, Latin-Greek, Latin-Modern Languages, Latin-Science, and Science-Modern Languages. At the age of twelve or thirteen, the pupil chooses his group—a choice which determines in great measure the nature of his future education. Specialization has already begun. Following an altogether natural impulse to avoid what is, or looks as if it might be, difficult, a large proportion of the youth of the land turn their faces resolutely away from the group Latin-Greek, which represents the old classical ideal. But since the university must accept on equal terms students from all the cycles, even the Science-Languages, where those foregather who are "not especially endowed for the study of Latin," it naturally becomes necessary to abolish the university theme in Latin. Furthermore, within the cycles are found a vast number of subjects, each one more or less specialized. The inevitable result is superficiality. "Too many hours; not enough study." As the *Temps* said a few days ago, the lycées seem to have reversed a motto, which now reads *non multum sed multa*. As a result, the boy of eighteen, who takes his lycée degree, the *baccalauréat*, enters the university with a minimum of that humanizing culture which is supposed to be the especial gift of French secondary education. He is then immersed in the "scientific method," which may be very proper and necessary for the production of savants and technical scholars, but to which a certain amount of disinterested culture is prerequisite. As M. Faguet says, the scientific method, bibliography, annotation of texts, comparison of editions, should all come as the last step in higher education. They furnish the "instruments" for use in the "philological laboratories," but the student should first be provided with some material on which to work. This can only be had through the non-utilitarian secondary education, which should extend, according to M. Faguet, not only through the lycée, but even through the first two of the three years at the university.

In conclusion, it might be said that Agathon, in attacking the Sorbonne, perhaps mistakes an effect for a cause. The changes in the Sorbonne are the necessary result of the so-called reforms of 1902. These in their turn are simply the expression, in the department of educa-

tion, of the drift of power in the French Chamber toward the Extreme Left. The character of these changes has been ultra-democratic and socialistic. M. Lanson himself speaks of "lowering the standards of education" in order to spread it more broadly. He finds that French "classical culture, too refined, . . . goes over the heads of children from families where the newspaper is all that has been read, or ever will be read." At the university, after the theme in Latin, the theme in French is abolished because it is "beyond the powers of the majority." They should be taught, continues M. Lanson, "things which are coarsely and platonically exact, but which they can feel and grasp." This surely is debatable doctrine. Educate the people upward, or bend the education downward? The logical result of the second course, carried out completely, would be a programme, for primary, secondary, and higher education, consisting of the three R's. But it is not likely that this result is near; for, to return once more to the *Temps*, "professors, deans of faculties, economists, academicians, writers, engineers, denounce the faults of the programmes of secondary education elaborated in 1902"; what is needed, "to speak plainly, is less of the utilitarian fever and more of the human ideal."

HERBERT JONES.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the opening of Mrs. Gaskell's tragic story of the "Crooked Branch" there occurs a humorous account of Nathan Huntroyd's wooing. It is almost the only gleam of sunshine in that sombre picture. Nathan finds his old sweetheart in poor circumstances, and says:

Hester, thou dost not mind me. I am Nathan as thy father turned off at a minute's notice, for thinking of thee for a wife, twenty years come Michaelmas next. I have not thought much upon matrimony since. But Uncle Ben has died, leaving me a small matter in the bank; and I have to see after it. Wilt like to come? I'll not mislead thee. It's dairy and it might have been arable. But arable takes more horses nor it suited me to buy, and I'd the offer of a tidy lot of kine. That's all. If thou'lt have me, I'll come for thee as soon as the hay is gotten in.

The phrase italicized was suggested, as the Master of Peterhouse points out in the Knutsford edition, by one which Mrs. Gaskell had heard from a dear friend who occasionally made notes of the racy talk of the wives of the farmers and laborers with whom she came in contact. This lady's records, after being a source of amusement while in manuscript, were printed after her death, but without her name, in 1881, for private circulation, under the title of "Country Conversations."^{*} This little volume is a very rare book. There is no

copy in the British Museum, and the copy here noted, which came from the library of Dean Vaughan of Llandaff, was only obtained by a fortunate chance after twenty years of search. In the preface we are told that

whatever interest these records may have arises from the fact that they are not the work of an inventive genius. The writer had a singularly accurate memory, a sense of quiet humor, and keen powers of observation; but of the faculty which creates she had no share. . . . She scrupulously avoided making any additions or changes, though she sometimes omitted trifling details, and recorded as little as possible of her own share in the dialogue.

An article by E. V. Lucas appeared in the *Monthly Review* of 1902, and a brief notice in the *Manchester Guardian* of that year, as well as an appreciative welcome in the *Academy* of 1881, shows how the quality of these sketches struck those who were lucky enough to see them. Gladstone, speaking to Mr. Grant Duff, praised "Country Conversations" in the same breath as Barrie's "Window in Thrums."

The "Crooked Branch" was written in 1859, and here is the actual conversation recorded in 1857:

My son Tom, Miss G., has met with a disappointment; about getting married. You know he's got that nice farm at Hallwood; so he met a young lady at a dance as he was very much took up with, and she seemed quite agreeable; so as he had heard she had five hundred he wrote next day to pursue the acquaintance, and her Father wrote and asked Tom to come over to Southwick. Eh, dear! poor fellow! he went off in such sperrits, and he looked so spruce in his best clothes, with a new tie and all. So next day when I heard him come to the gate, I ran out as pleased as could be; but I see in a moment he was sadly cast down. "Why, Tom, my lad," says I, "what is it?" "Why, Mother," says he, "she'd understood mine was a harable; and she will not marry to a dairy."

A comparison of the passages will show with what artistic skill Mrs. Gaskell has utilized the suggestion of her friend.

There are many other good things in the book, and if the writer had no creative faculty she had a genius for selection. Her farmer's wife stands out as distinctly as Mrs. Poyser. Then there is her daughter Mary, who decides that her future husband must combine plenty and good "circumstances," and her son Tom, who goes to court one sister and gets engaged to the other, and then manages to extricate himself from this uncomfortable position. Then there is the laborer's wife, with her impressions of London Bridge: "Eh! dear, what a place it must be! They say the railway carriages, and carriages and cabs with horses, are all running together upon the rails, and it's nothing but them pints as keeps them from all being smashed together."

This is the same woman who, when she is ill, won't buy new clothes for fear of other people getting them after her death! There is the wife of a man who combines the avocations of gardener and astrologer and "always charges his glasses with a text before he looks in." Miss G., having told her that Mrs. B. has given birth to a son, asks, "Why did you turn round and look at the clock?" to which the astrologer's wife ingenuously answers: "Why, you see, ma'am, whenever I tell him of a child being born, he always asks me, 'What o'clock was it?' and he's very cross if I can't tell him, and you know I can scarce ever say for

certain what o'clock it was when a child was born; so now I always say what o'clock it was when first I heard tell of it." Thus are our horoscopes ruled! The life of the authoress was, with the exception of a bad accident, the uneventful one of an English gentlewoman of the Victorian period, but one of intellectual tastes and given to good works.

It is really a pity that her vignettes from life should be doomed to the seclusion of a book printed only for private circulation. Perhaps in the future it may reach a wider audience. Meanwhile the booklover should keep a good lookout for any chance copy that may come in his way.

Correspondence

PRIVATE PAPERS OF ANTHONY BUTLER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The University of Texas recently received, in a quantity of the private papers of Col. Anthony Butler, a gift of more than local historical interest. Butler was chargé d'affaires of the United States at Mexico, from 1829 to the end of 1835, and a considerable part of this collection consists of correspondence connected with his legation. There are dispatches from the State Department at Washington bearing the autograph signatures of Secretaries Van Buren, McLane, and Forsyth; duplicates of many of Butler's notes to the State Department and to the Mexican Foreign Office; a mass of private correspondence with Secretary Alaman; the usual letters from American citizens, urging this or that claim against the Mexican government; thirteen letters from Joel R. Poinsett; and twenty original letters from President Jackson to Butler. Copies of many of these documents are to be found both at Washington and in the records of the American Embassy at Mexico, and Butler's possession of the autograph dispatches from the State Department is to be accounted for by the practice that then prevailed of sending diplomatic agents duplicate, or even triplicate, dispatches by different routes, in the effort to circumvent the vagaries of the postal service. But some of the matter is unique, and should have remained in the embassy records.

The Jackson letters deal almost exclusively with the question of the purchase of Texas, which was, perhaps, the dearest wish of Jackson's Presidential career, and which was the chief aim of Butler's mission. Three of the letters are almost entirely in cipher, and have not been translated, but such as have been read do not materially increase our knowledge of Jackson's position.

A deal of new light, however, emanates from the unofficial papers. Not for a long time have historians had any illusions concerning the character of Colonel Butler. They have known that he was personally interested in the purchase of Texas, that he shrank from no means of accomplishing that object, that for six years he deceived President Jackson with the hope of approaching success when there was no hope, and that at the end Jackson acknowledged him "a scamp and a liar"; but so far no one seems to have suspected that a conflict between

^{*}This title of Miss Tollett's book, it is curious to note, was anticipated by a volume published in 1694—"Country Conversations: being an account of some discourses that happened on a visit to the country last summer on divers subjects, chiefly of the modern comedies, of drinking, of translated verse, of printing and printers, of poets and poetry," which, although anonymous, is regarded as the work of James Wright, an antiquary of that period.

his private interest and his official instructions may have operated to prolong his fruitless negotiation. He was instructed to offer a maximum of five million dollars for about two-thirds of the present State of Texas, but the President, wishing to avoid a repetition of the Florida land troubles, insisted that all colonization contracts and other grants in Texas whose conditions had not been fully complied with should be annulled previously to the sale. Now, these papers show that in two speculating concerns alone—the Arkansas and Texas Land Company and the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company—Butler held scrip aggregating a million acres, and in case of a cession of Texas the value of this was contingent upon the recognition of their titles by the United States. The situation was further complicated by the fact that the Mexican government itself did not recognize the legality of these grants. From this one may begin to understand what difficult elements were involved in the undertaking of our representative in Mexico. He had first to persuade the Mexican government to legalize the grants in which he was interested—and he was very probably interested in more than the two which have been mentioned—then to procure their recognition by the United States, and finally to induce Mexico to sell the province. And each was an impossible task. Interest in the situation is heightened by the disclosure that when Butler returned to Mexico in the autumn of 1835, after a brief visit to Washington, he carried authority from one James Prentiss of New York, who represented, by his own account, the principal stock of the Galveston Bay and Texas Land Company, to buy the soil of Texas for the company for ten million dollars, while obtaining a transfer of political jurisdiction therein to the United States. How seriously Butler considered this bizarre proposal there is no evidence to show; but whatever may have been his moral deficiencies, he was not lacking in imagination and he probably gave it some thought. His plausibility equalled his imagination, and in reading his papers one gets the curious impression that he really believed himself possessed of many virtues.

Anthony Butler was born about 1787. He entered the war of 1812 as a lieutenant-colonel, and was honorably discharged a colonel, June 15, 1815. He served as a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and was once a candidate for Governor of that State. In 1829 he succeeded Poinsett as chargé d'affaires at Mexico, and in 1838 began a term in the third Congress of the Republic of Texas. At the beginning of the Mexican war he offered his services to Gen. Taylor in the belief, as he said, that his thorough knowledge of the country would be very useful, but they were courteously declined. When he died is uncertain.

EUGENE C. BARKER.

University of Texas, June 1.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the hope of counteracting slightly the misrepresentation which Admiral C. F. Goodrich makes in the *Nation* of May 18, I ask your leave to present the truth concerning the English administration in India as it appears to an Indian. Admiral

Goodrich asserts that there is no Indian nation. True, it is admitted on all hands that India is inhabited by several races of people, and that there is a considerable lack of homogeneity in their religious and social ideas. That does not mean, however, that there is no Indian nation. About twenty-five years ago a number of political theorists used to hold that there could be no nationality without ethnic unity; but the experience of Austria-Hungary, the United States, and the Swiss Confederation have exploded this theory. The Indian nationality is as potent and dynamic as the Swiss or the American. It is founded on a geographical unit. It is based on common traditions, hopes, aspirations, and, above all, sufferings.

The responsible leaders of the Indian nation do not ask that England should leave India at once. They insist, however, that India must not be governed despotically by England for her own selfish interests. They ask for those elementary rights of men which are the inheritance of all civilized people. They demand that the people of India shall not be deprived, as virtually they have been, of the freedom of press, the right of trial by courts, the right of holding public meetings, and the right of having an effective voice in the management of their own affairs.

The English rule is characterized by Admiral Goodrich as "just and kindly." What of the \$150,000,000 which India is annually made to pay England for so-called home charges, without any economic return whatsoever. The home charges, to mention only a few out of the many unjust impositions, include the cost of maintaining vast English army in India for imperial exploitation; the expenses of keeping up the India office in London; and the payment of life-long pensions to the English officeholders who have a monopoly of fat government jobs. It may be noted that the English colonies, which are as much a part of the Empire as India is, pay neither for the maintenance of the Colonial Office in London, nor for the protection of their shores by the English navy. Of course, we are well aware of the fact that the English financial jugglers have no difficulty in explaining the home charges to the satisfaction of their own consciences; but let us reverse the situation for a moment. Put them in the place of the Indians. How long would they think this enormous annual drain to be "just and kindly," were it imposed upon England, for example by Germany?

Admiral Goodrich makes a good deal, too, of the alleged fighting of Indian famines by England. The famines in India are due to the inevitable results of the rack-renting English rule. Within the last quarter of a century there have been ten big famines which swept away from 15,000,000 to 26,000,000 people. And the most significant thing about these terrible famines is that instead of becoming lighter and fewer with the continuance of English rule, they are returning upon us with unprecedented severity and frequency. The truth of the matter is that as long as the English keep on piling up taxes on the starving ryots, there will be in Hindustan a ceaseless repetition of "tax-created famine and poverty-created plague."

India has been under English rule for

more than 150 years, yet India has no public schools. Not more than one man in ten and one woman in a hundred can read and write. Is the curse of ignorance also to be counted as "just and kindly"?

In comparison with the oppression from which India is groaning to-day, the tyrannies against which the American colonies rebelled a century and a third ago, were but insignificant indeed. Is it then too much to expect that all Americans who love fair-play, justice, and liberty, will give a sympathetic ear to the wrongs inflicted on a weaker people by a stronger?

SUDHINDRA BOSE.

State University of Iowa, May 25.

THE DESPOT OF MEXICO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Granted that the form of government established by Porfirio Diaz in Mexico was no genuine republic, the question remains whether on the whole it was not the form best suited to the stage of political evolution reached by the Mexican people. Are not we, *los sajones*, who have spent a thousand years in learning inch by inch how to govern ourselves, a little hasty in applying our political yardsticks to a people accustomed during that period to the rankest absolutism variegated with anarchy? And, down in the bottom of our hearts, are we all of us certain that our present unqualified universal suffrage system of government is really the concrete realization of the highest ideal?

Americans (not merely passing tourists or job writers for the daily press), who have lived in Mexico and have studied the problem, are firm in the belief that, for that people at that stage of their existence, Diaz's government was the best possible government. The indispensable requisite of any durable form of government is peace and order. When, as often happens with us in the States, there is a miniature insurrection under guise of labor troubles, when the submerged tenth has come to the top, and life and property are not safe, and all progress is at a standstill, the first thing for any ruler to do is to impose order and peace. When in such cases argument fails and appeals to reason are unavailable, the one thing to do is to use force, to crush down by brute strength the elements of disorder and barbarism. From the days of O'Donojú till Diaz's time, the history of Mexico is one long record of political, social, and economic anarchy. Diaz brought peace, order, and security; and Mexico leaped to the front rank of minor nations. But without universal suffrage or any proper representative government; and, Diaz frankly admitted, the reason for this lack of true representative, popular government in Mexico was that the Mexican people at that time were unfitted for such a regimen. Any fair-minded man who has ever had first-hand knowledge of Mexico will admit that Diaz was right.

The great social and economic problem for Mexico in the future is the creation and encouragement of a flourishing middle class. To-day there are but two classes: the *gente fina* (upper class) and the *gente baja* (the lower class). The former are mostly Europeans, and their descendants, who own vast tracts of land and live in patriarchal style; the latter—the original Indians, Aztecs,

Toltecs, Zapotees, Mayas, etc.—are industrious, naturally intelligent, reasonably peaceful folk; an asset that no nation can afford to waste or discourage. The economic salvation of the country will undoubtedly come through the breaking up of the immense feudal agricultural holdings of the untitled aristocracy, the encouragement of the small and independent farmer, the introduction of small industries managed by native small capitalists, and, finally, the inculcation, slow and laborious, of habits and instrumentalities of saving and thrift.

These are some of the problems of the next dictator of Mexico. But the supreme merit of Don Porfirio is that he has made it possible for his generation to know the meaning of peace, order, and security before plunging into the next vortex of political upheaval. So long as his health and strength lasted, Mexico was tranquil and prosperous, but as soon as the old lion became weak, the jackals began to howl. It is rare that a great man is appreciated by the mob, and popular ingratitude is no new thing in history—Christopher Columbus is a standard example.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, June 5.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in the *Nation* of May 11 an editorial on "Some Aspects of Scientific Management." Please let me thank you for the admirable warning which you have given to possible users of the system. It is most desirable that men who are interested in this subject should understand that the introduction of the principles of this management must necessarily be slow, and must involve a large amount of patience and hard work. I feel sure that perhaps four out of five men who will undertake its introduction will find themselves disappointed, chiefly because they lack the patience to wait for results and the perseverance to make the change.

FRED. W. TAYLOR.

Philadelphia, May 31.

THE COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Henry P. Fairchild's letter on Ellis Island (*Nation*, June 8) is an admirable statement regarding the work which Commissioner Williams is doing so successfully, and for doing which Mr. Williams is now being attacked in the most brutal and scandalous manner by the German newspapers, and by Mr. Hearst's *Journal*. It would be well for the country if we had many more men of the stamp of Mr. Williams in official positions.

I have had the satisfaction of knowing Mr. Williams for a good many years, and I know his work at Ellis Island well. As the result of numerous visits to the island I am convinced that, so far from being hard-hearted and unjust, Mr. Williams has shown the most remarkable tact and kindness in his treatment of the thousands of difficult and distressing cases with which he has had to deal. In fact, it has always seemed to me that the present commissioner has been almost painfully conscientious in the discharge of his duty. There are few government officials who occupy positions of such responsibility. And it is safe to say that there are very few to whom the American

people owe a larger debt of gratitude. It is not difficult to discern the real motives which lie behind the present outrageous attacks on Mr. Williams. Such attacks, however unwarranted and however unjust they are, do, unfortunately, affect a certain body of public opinion. It is, therefore, the business of those who wish to see an honest official kept in a position which he is remarkably well qualified to fill to bestir themselves in this matter. I heartily endorse every word of Professor Fairchild's excellent letter.

ROBERT DEC. WARD.

Harvard University, June 10.

Literature

BOOKS ON EGYPT.

England in the Sudan. By Yacoub Pasha Artin. Translated from the French by G. Robb. With 122 photographs and map. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.25 net.

Egypt: Ancient Sites and Modern Scenes. By Sir Gaston Maspero. With 17 photographs. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$4.

Oriental Cairo: The City of the "Arabian Nights." By Douglas Sladen. With 63 photographs and map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$5 net.

On November 9, 1908, Artin Pasha left Cairo with Professor Sayce for a journey in the Egyptian Sudan. On January 15, 1909, he reached Cairo again, after spending twenty days in Khartum and ascending the Blue Nile to Rosaires and the White Nile to Gondokoro. This record of his impressions on that journey is a translation of the letters which he wrote daily to his wife in Cairo. It is not often that a traveller from the outside has gone down into the Sudan so well fitted by previous likings, environment, and study to see into the situations there and to grasp and state the problems. By heredity and through a long life connected with the administration of Egypt and especially with its education, he was able to bring to bear that mass of preparation and training and yet to look with fresh eyes on new scenes. And there were even closer links. At Sennaar he says: "One day, I may write what is known of the history of this unfortunate country in memory of a Fung negress who nursed me as a child, and who recounted to me the misfortunes of the king, her father, at the time of the conquest of Ismail Bey." But it was his position as former minister of education—and the best that Egypt has ever had—that helped him most. Again and again he met old pupils from the schools of Cairo who remembered and revered him as their former helper. This gave him points of access throughout the Sudan which were invaluable.

Scattered through these letters we find such subjects treated as the whole water question, not only the irrigation

canals, but, what is equally important, the drainage canals and the problem of clearing the Delta of almost stagnant water and the upper Nile of its *sadd*; the question of education, primary and technical, and of the supply of teachers; the different races and their frictions, their ambitions and possibilities of development; the whole missionary problem, with its heavy handicap of the army system, viewed evidently from the outside, but very keenly and not without sympathy; the question of slavery, which is partly economic and partly one of Arabs *versus* negroes; the financial situation, with its difficulty of keeping up reform on a small budget and not moving too fast for the mass of the people to understand and follow. With all this goes a multitude of little descriptions, very vivid and yet simply expressed. The river scenery, the difference between the three Niles—the united stream and the Blue and the White; the riverside population; the traces and stories of recent history and notably of the rising of Abdal-Qadir; the last flare-up of Mahdiism, and how he and his like were viewed by the people; here close and suggestive parallels are cited between the negro tribes and the Germans as Tacitus knew them. Artin Pasha asks hopefully whether centuries of contact with our civilization may not bring these tribes up in the scale, as the Germans were brought up by contact with Rome. But for that parallel to be valid, they must learn how to hold their own and not suffer themselves to be exploited out of existence by a dominating race. Are Abyssinia and Uganda in this to play the part of the inaccessible forests and swamps of northern Germany? The photographs are very good, and the translation from Artin Pasha's French has been carefully and successfully done.

Sir Gaston Maspero's book is of a very different sort. It is journalism of a high class, impressions of modern Egypt, caught by a great Egyptologist on his official progresses up and down the river, and thrown into charming literary form. They appeared in the *Temps* and elsewhere from 1900 on. All begin with Egypt as it is, although always there lie behind intimations and glimpses of an Egypt which has vanished. We are led back from the fellahin to the Pharaohs, their fathers, as they are fond of calling them. Nowhere is the continuity of a race so continuous as here. So regularly and smoothly, in these essays, does the present slide back into the remotest past that if Sir Gaston were not one of the first Egyptologists alive, we might think that we were being played with by a daringly mendacious popularizer. But we are rather being taken by a very human path into the childhood of the world, and scenes of death and burial are made to yield up secrets of life.

Perhaps the most poignant of these touches comes in the last sketch, where we stand on the platform at Philae and look with the despairing eyes of the last priests of Isis at the boats of the Blemmyes vanishing to the south, now the only worshippers of their goddess, their one safety against the rising Christian tide. Lighter are the legends and superstitions of Karnak and the tales which may be gathered there from the fellahs. These are common not only to Egypt, old and new, but to the world as well. Thus, some details of apparitions—a little dog trotting in and little figures dancing in the middle of a room—at Karnak (pp. 164 f.) are exactly the same as some narrated to the eccentric George Sinclair and published by him in his "Satan's Invisible World Discovered," as having been "seen in a dwelling house in Mary King's Closs, in Edinburgh" (reprint of 1871, pp. 245 f.). In telling of the afrites, who are the ghosts of men that have been murdered or accidentally killed, Sir Gaston does not mention that these afrites produce knockings to indicate their presence and tell their story exactly like the raps of modern spiritualism. Seldon Willmore, in his "Spoken Arabic of Egypt" (pp. 370 and 374) has given some interesting narratives about this, told in Egyptian colloquial. One of the few purely modern sketches tells vividly of a cab drive in Siout; but, strangely enough, Sir Gaston does not seem to know who is the saint who presides over the safety of cabs in Egypt (p. 56). It is the Shekh al-Maghribi whose neat little *qubba* stands beside the Pension Sima: to him all the *arabiya* drivers pay fealty. The translation might have been better, and the illustrations are of a somewhat formal type; they have little connection with the text.

Mr. Sladen's "Oriental Cairo" is journalism, too, but of the most perfunctory, and in no wise scholarly. He revels in adjectives of far-flung promiscuity, yet he is also capable of very terse, neat characterizations. His weak sides are history and religion and an understanding of what things really mean, and his strong side is a genuine enthusiasm for native life and scenes. He started out well under the guidance of Lane's "Arabian Nights" and "Modern Egyptians" and of Lane-Poole's excellent book on Cairo. He also picked up an admirably humble-minded dragoman who could not be tempted out of the native town, but who knew his way about there thoroughly. Then, out of sheer love for it, he gave months to soaking in picturesque Cairo, at all hours of the day and night: in its mosques, palaces, festivals, processions, holidays, amusements, bazaars and markets, old houses, and street life. In this way he saw a really amazing amount. Even the old haunter of Cairo will find in this book things to make him want to go back

and verify. And for what he has actually seen, Mr. Sladen can be trusted. The adjectival tendency has, of course, to be discounted, and on some occasions he apparently took less careful notes. Thus the description of the Ashura Night procession is by no means complete; at least from the point of view of one who has actually walked in it. But, all in all, the book should prove a good and stimulating guide to the byways of Cairo—a near approach to that Walks in Cairo which all genuine seekers there have desired. The only pity is that he did not know the "Guide-Joanne," which, especially in its 1900 edition under Hertz Bey's care, is better than Baedeker. The map, also, which he gives, may be the latest in Baedeker; but that in the last "Guide-Joanne" is much better and fuller, as is also the large but cumbersome plan of R. Huber. Finally, no faith can be put in him for things which he did not actually himself see. If he quotes Lane, he is safe; otherwise, as they say in Egypt, Allah leaves him very much to himself. And even Lane he can be made to doubt, as when "Mrs. Butcher, who has been in Egypt thirty years, says that the Kisweh is packed and taken in the Mahmal" (p. 235). We all know the people who have been thirty years in the country and the stories they tell. But Mr. Sladen's enthusiasm is fine, and his photographs are really good.

marvellously successful rector in West End, London, and a man of dominating will; Henry Chichester, his senior curate, "a very good man and a decidedly attractive man, but too amiable, too kind-hearted, and too easily deceived"; Lady Sophia, "a woman who managed to be admirable without being dull"; Professor Stepton, interested only in Science. It is all, the reader will observe, quite "up-to-date": the place well-tred London, and the time precisely today. For the rest, of course, the phrase "Psychical Research" gives away the show before the curtain rises. The upshot of it is that the rector and his curate, at the instance of the former (who is a whitened sepulchre), get to dabbling in the occult, and gradually exchange personalities. By some mysterious law (that, we suppose, of goodness triumphant), the weaker preys upon the stronger, and the personality of Chichester usurps the body of Harding. Lady Sophia, the wife of the rector, instinctively transfers her devotion from the new Harding to the new Chichester. But with the death of Harding's body the curate's soul returns to its rightful dwelling, and we behold Chichester feebly mourning his dead master, and blind to the advances of Lady Sophia. No theme of this sort has thus far been treated with marked success in fiction. Mr. Hichens has evidently done his best in the construction of his tale, but the product is a mere artifice.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Dweller on the Threshold. By Robert Hichens. New York: The Century Co.

Mr. Hichens here abandons his exotic setting and meets the contemporary English novelist upon his own ground. The result is not altogether happy for Mr. Hichens. It becomes clear how much of the glamour, which a large public has felt in "The Garden of Allah" or "Bella Donna," depended on what may be called the "travelogue" element in this writer's work. His knack at word-painting and a certain intensity of manner have passed for more than they are really worth—with the aid of the chosen setting. But his characters pose and talk rather than live and breathe.

In shifting his scene to London, and abandoning that theme of human passion upon which he has hitherto been playing his popular variations, he has at least showed his courage. The "love-interest" goes for nothing in this story—or for as nearly nothing as is possible in any human action. These are the "Persons of the Drama," listed according to the incoming fashion—the fruit, we suppose, of the dramatized novel and the novelized play: Evelyn Malling, notorious because of his sustained interest in Psychical Research and his work for Professor Stepton; Rev. Marcus Hartling, at the beginning of the story a

The Colonel's Story. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Pryor's touch on matters Virginian is authoritative. Hence perhaps it is that her colonel has all the chivalry and charm of other Virginian colonels, and in addition the welcome graces of temperate language and common sense. He does not swear, he loves his poets, he knows the difference between a mortgage and a wax candle. Only in his entire confidence that the New York publishers will jump at his manuscript novel does he show any fantastic mental flights. He is a character to love as dearly as his neighbors loved him, old and young, black and white. He and they are worthy progenitors of the Virginia to which the late Mr. Eggleston paid homage in his "Recollections," where "culture was deemed of more account than mere education," and "living was held in higher regard than getting a living." To Mrs. Pryor's book, the Virginia atmosphere of the day of President Taylor gives a quality wholly its own. There is perhaps no other writer who can so describe the Old Dominion, affectionately conveying its charm, humorously recognizing its simplicities; giving portraits like miniatures of high-bred sir and dame, and in the same breath lightly satirizing the haughty patrician lady who is bristlingly repellent to her own

class and angelically kind to the poor, provided the poor be humble. Family life on an old estate, summer trips to the White Sulphur Springs, a search for a vagrant in California, carry the action into varying scenes, described with the pen of experience and with that zest that, however it glories in the past, is indulgently alive in the present. Many of the characters are almost new to fiction, like the imaginative Mrs. Bangs and the modest Miss Betty Oliver, and carry entire conviction of their truth to nature. An agreeable suggestion of autobiography, pervading the book, though not declared, heightens both its interest and its value.

Gilead Balm. By Bernard Capes. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

Gilead Balm—the name is a stroke of genius—might be described as an inverted Sherlock Holmes, that is to say as a detective of virtue instead of crime. Mr. Balm, a poor and lonely clerk, suddenly comes into possession of an immense fortune. Being philanthropically inclined, he opens a detective bureau for the discovery and relief of oppressed merit and suffering innocence. In ordinary cases he keeps out of view, but if any element of romance appears, he takes up the work himself—hence this series of tales, adventurous and amusing. Sometimes the appeal of suffering innocence turns out to be a trap of vice; sometimes mystery is involved, and sometimes humor. Necessarily, Mr. Balm falls in love with the first fair victim he rescues, and perhaps the weakest feature of the book is the artificial mystery that hangs around this girl and her supposed accomplice.

The Parting of the Ways. By Henry Bordeaux. New York: Duffield & Co.

Henry Bordeaux is one of the gallant minority in French letters whose mission it is to prove to the world that Paris is not France. The ways that part are the way of the giddy, rapacious, conscienceless metropolis which all the world knows, and the simple, laborious, pious way of the provinces which the outsider does not know at all. The war between Paris and the provinces is of long standing, and, in spite of the undeniable zeal and ardor with which the champions of the "real" France have labored, the foreign observer finds himself greatly puzzled. How can Paris continue to draw to itself the life-blood of France and yet continue to misrepresent her? What defect is there in the provincial blood that makes it succumb so easily to the Parisian virus? It is all very well to speak of the temptations of a great city; such temptations in the last resort are a matter of superficialities. At bottom the basic standards of life are the same in town and country—except in France, apparently. Paris does not

affect its provincials in the same way as London or Berlin does; it does not change them; it completely reverses their natures. However, the problem does exist, and M. Bordeaux has here given it clear and persuasive treatment. Pascal Rouvray, a young medical savant from Lyons, with a splendid career and a splendid marriage opening up before him at Paris, sacrifices both at the call of duty. His father has labored all his life to save the family honor by paying off a huge burden of debt contracted by Pascal's grandfather. He dies before the task is completed and Pascal takes up the work. That is the first parting of the ways. Fifteen years later Pascal's work is done, he is once more in Paris, successful and famous, and old temptation comes to him in the form of an old love. This is the second parting of the ways, and once more, though not without escaping great peril, he chooses the right path, which leads away from Paris to Lyons.

The story in its original French form, "La Croisée des chemins," was noticed in the *Nation* of January 20, 1910.

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

France in the American Revolution. By James Breck Perkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2 net.

It is often pointed out that while there are many first-rate scholars in the British House of Commons, the presence of one in the American Congress is so rare as to occasion comment. Our one resource in this international contrast has for some years been James Breck Perkins, sometime Congressman from New York. As scholar and man of letters, Mr. Perkins is, of course, not to be compared with Mr. Bryce or Lord Morley; but he has at least studied the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries with diligence, and has presented the results of his researches in a series of readable books, which together make a continuous history of the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV. The present work in a sense completes the series, dealing as it does with the reign of Louis XVI, or at least with one of the most important aspects of that reign. For American readers it has the added importance of emphasizing the fact, too often neglected, that our early history was inextricably connected with the history, not only of England, but of Europe—was, in fact, from the contemporary point of view at all events, a mere by-product of it.

There is nothing particularly new in the book, either in the way of information or of original interpretation. Mr. Perkins has relied upon Doniol and Wharton for the diplomatic aspects of the subject, the former being, in fact, the very foundation of the work. Besides these, he has used such secondary

works as Loménie's "Beaumarchais," and the ordinary American collections, such as the works of Franklin, Washington, and Deane. With much excellent material in hand, Mr. Perkins has written the kind of book with which his former works have made us familiar: information well organized; facts selected with discrimination; a story interestingly told in simple, lucid English that is not without its undercurrent of humor, and which, although often diffuse, has frequently an epigrammatic terseness; conclusions, on the whole, sane and moderate, and never obviously untenable.

Mr. Perkins has not set out to prove any thesis, but if there is any central contention in the book it is that of the two motives which induced France to aid the colonies—the desire to humiliate England and the sympathy of the French people for the cause of liberty—the latter is of more importance than the former, or at least of more importance than is usually ascribed to it. "The rebellious colonies were popular," as M. Jusserand says in his appreciative introduction, "not especially because they wanted to throw off an English yoke, but because they wanted to throw off a yoke." "If the American cause"—thus Mr. Perkins puts it—"had not excited strong enthusiasm among the French people, unless interference in behalf of our forefathers had been not only approved, but demanded by the representatives of French thought, it is doubtful if the government of Louis XVI would have taken up arms in behalf of American independence."

This is doubtless true. At no previous period in French history could Franklin have accomplished a tithe of what he did accomplish in procuring aid for the colonies; at no other time can we imagine a La Fayette acting as he did act, or achieving what he did achieve for American independence. Mr. Perkins brings this out clearly. In chapter xi, he gives, for this purpose, an excellent account of the new spirit which the intellectual revolution of the eighteenth century had produced in France—the desire for change, admiration for, if not willingness to adopt, the simple life, the lyric enthusiasm for the lost virtues of the golden age of Arcady. Now for Frenchmen of that day, the American, observed at a distance of three thousand miles, and seen through the rose-colored glasses of their own aspirations, furnished a concrete example of the natural man dwelling in green pastures and beside still waters.

But then it is equally true that without Vergennes and his desire to humiliate England, France would not have aided the colonies. Whenever there are two so-called causes for any historical event, it is hazardous to say which is the more important, for the absence of either would probably have made the

event impossible. It should be said, however, that the argument is stressed by Mr. Perkins in his book, rather less than by M. Jusserand in his introduction. Mr. Perkins does not try to show just how the popular sentiment exercised pressure on the government. Aside from chapter xi, and suggestions thrown out here and there by the way, he is occupied with tracing the story of how France first gave secret aid to the colonies, with the negotiations that led up to the alliance, with the military events in which French troops took part, and with the final negotiations for peace. Yet it need not be doubted that the influence of the spirit of the age upon the decisions of the government was very great simply because it cannot be traced in the documents. There is much more in history than is dreamed of in the *Philosophy of Documents*.

We recommend Mr. Perkins's book to the "general reader," if such exists. It will certainly help him to see the history of his own country in truer perspective; and if, in order to do so, it is found necessary to add a cubit to the stature of Beaumarchais and to take one way from that of John Adams, nothing is lost in the end.

Over the Border. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$3 net.

This work, the latest addition to the new and handsome issue of the collected works of Mr. Winter, is full of the descriptive power and imaginative reflection which constitute the peculiar charm of the author's "Gray Days and Gold" and "Shakespeare's England," of which it is the natural sequel. Mr. Winter is no common observer, dependent upon the details of the local guide book, but brings to every scene that he dwells upon the knowledge of the student and the delicate skill of the practised writer, and thus is able to invest each scene with its appropriate spirit and atmosphere." "It is one thing," he says, "to visit and another thing to see," and he illustrates the truth of this remark by the varied richness of his own sympathetic fancy. A notable example of his power to summon up a vivid picture to the mind's eye is afforded in his descriptions of Edinburgh and its environment, but he is no less happy in his portraiture of the wildest and most desolate highland regions. The rugged ruins of St Andrews, with all their memories of the cruel days of the Scottish Reformation, the savage bigotry and bloody end of Cardinal Beaton, the murder of Archbishop James Sharpe, and the triumph of John Knox, are fertile topics of his eloquent pen. His ideal of Mary, Queen of Scots is more romantic than can be justified by the known facts of history, but her faults may be forgotten in the pathos of her fate. He repeoples the hol-

low walls of the once splendid palace of Linlithgow in which she was born, and recalls the stirring tragedies associated with the grim fortress of Stirling Castle.

One of the most fascinating chapters in the book is the essay on Sir Walter Scott, a bit of brilliant appreciation informed by sound judgment. In it the nobility of the man and the splendor of his genius are celebrated in a tribute of rare beauty and enthusiasm. Mr. Winter's literary skill confers a special interest even upon so unpromising a subject as the old Scottish graveyards, which inspire him with plentiful anecdote and pregnant meditation. The "Macbeth Country" is to him, of course, enchanted ground, and he discourses upon the various traditions connected with the Shakespearean story with learned authority and unfailing charm. On the remote island of Iona, so venerable for its religious and other historical or legendary associations, it was his fortune to be stormbound for many days, and he made the best use of his involuntary imprisonment. His account of his explorations and of his encounters with nature in some of her fiercest moods is full of information and admirable literary matter. It is not necessary to follow him in all his wanderings, which virtually cover the length and breadth of Scotland, but it should be remarked that the book is virtually a new one and contains some of the ripest and most polished work of its creator. To the patriotic Scot it will be precious, and to the tourist a most helpful companion. The spirit of it cannot be expressed better than by Mr. Winter's own words, written concerning Glasgow:

I know not of any pursuit so gratifying to the imagination and so stimulating to spiritual growth as that of musing among haunts that have been adorned by genius, endeared by associations of heroic or pathetic experience, and dignified by the splendid force of illustrious example.

Every intelligent reader will be able to recognize the stimulus and profit by it.

Indian Wars of New England. By Herbert Milton Sylvester. Three volumes. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co. \$15.

In nearly fifteen hundred pages of text and footnotes Mr. Sylvester has narrated the history of Indian warfare in New England from the earliest times to 1763. The first volume deals with the Pequods and the Mohegans, the second with King Philip's war and that with the tribes along the northern frontier of Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire, and the third with the Abenaké, chiefly in New Hampshire and Maine. The narrative is supplemented by chapters on the topography of the Indian tribes, the relations between the early settlers and the Indians, the land

of the Abenaké, and the French occupation of Canada, with extended accounts of the causes and progress of the larger wars of which the Indian conflicts after 1690 were but a part.

Indian warfare in New England does not lend itself to continuous and organized narration. It presents no campaigns, no great battles, no opportunities for military strategy. The tactics employed were everywhere the same: the night attack, the day ambush, the sudden swift assault, the capture or the scalping knife, and a train of smoking houses left behind. Each incident stands isolated, conforming to a common type. The actors in each case are few, the action brief, the horrors cumulative but not coordinate, and the individuals concerned rarely of interest to the reader. Even the genius of Parkman would not have been proof against so minute a recounting of details, and Mr. Sylvester has not the genius of Parkman.

Quite apart from the inherent weakness of its subject, the work might have been greatly improved in a number of particulars. Much of the supplemental matter might well have been omitted, or at least condensed. To understand Indian warfare in New England we do not need to have a complete history of the French occupation of Canada or of the causes of the eighteenth-century wars between France and England. More serious still are the evidences of strong partisanship. Mr. Sylvester has deep contempt for the Puritan and a positive hatred for the French and the Jesuits. The former were "a set of incipient bullies," guilty of "misfit heroics," possessed of a "glut for blood" and "swayed by an asceticism as virile as it was ænemic" (*sic*). The latter were "malignants of cowl and hood," emissaries of "Rome subtly pregnant with savage atrocity," "devilishly subtle and not less persistent, blind as so many bats, spiritually warped and misshapen"—and so on through the volumes. On the other hand, the Indians were "poor, untutored savages," their atrocities "excusable, possibly righteous," their attitude one "of noble and dignified generosity," though in the third volume the author can speak of "their horrible atrocities" and can devote two pages to their "proverbial cowardice," their instinct for assassination, and their "satanic ingenuity" in warfare. And all this extravagance of statement is presented in a luxuriant and florid style that leaves no fixed impression upon the mind of the reader.

Nevertheless, there is much to commend itself in this work. The author has mastered the very difficult problem of Indian topography, and in a few chapters, such as those on the Abenaké and the Shirley war, has shown himself a skillful narrator. His account of the siege of Louisburg in 1745 is excellent in its brevity. Indeed, in all that re-

lates strictly to Indian warfare he is at his best, for he has shown great patience in his search for details and has arranged his results in orderly and intelligent fashion. He is far from credulous in his acceptance of local tradition and has cleared up a number of difficult points where local historians had gone astray. What he has written will not need to be done again.

The work has very few errors. The remarks on the Anglo-Saxon folk-mote and the reference to the charter of Runnymede provoke a smile, and the statement that the habitants of Canada "were hardly better than serfs" will not bear inspection, now that Munro has disposed of that myth permanently. In fact, Mr. Sylvester's account of the old régime in Canada is little better than a caricature. The spelling "Vaughn" for the name of Col. William Vaughan of New Hampshire is not that used by the courageous fighter in signing his own letters.

The Silences of the Moon. By Henry Law Webb. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

This is a book born of solitary communion with nature and consciously cultivated exaltation of spirit. Like many essays of the sort, its form seems superior to its matter. Exquisiteness of feeling, a succession of meditative states, a glancing comment on the issues of life and death—such is the material.

Such books we read largely for their mood, and there is an unkindness perhaps in pointing out inconsequentialities in what is, after all, but the texture of a dream. Yet the seeming wisdom of such studies as Mr. Webb's may impose upon certain readers. So let us note that he regards all our moon lore as mere imputation of old human loves, longings, and admirations, that is as a magnificent example of the pathetic fallacy, and then bids us be animists and revere the life pervading nature from end to end. Still such circularity of argument need not seriously trouble the gentle reader. Mr. Webb takes the liberties of a graciously whimsical mind, and is at small pains to be consistent.

Much of the little volume is given to intimations of immortality, a natural sequel of its animism, and to the celebration of love as the ultimate reason of life and as the true induction to nature worship. It would be ungracious to suggest that, as in almost all counsels to return to nature, nature itself is undefined. It means apparently whatever is individual and opposed to the common course. Mr. Webb's *pensées* bear a belated look, as it were of surviving half-brothers of first "Locksley Hall" and "In Memoriam." Stylistically, the book is distinguished, its general tastefulness being relieved by powerful single strokes, its tenderness by occasional fine

scorn. We quote one of the analogies in which the book abounds:

That star in the west sinking into the arms of the river-valley and reddened by the veils of the river fog is Arcturus; the beams which are falling on my eyes with the gentleness of distant candle-light left their blazing sun nearly 109 years ago, and during that time have been travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles to the second. Below Arcturus a cloud is rising from the horizon, and there must be a hurricane blowing in the upper strata of our atmosphere, for the speed of its approach is like that of a sandstorm. It is more than impressive, almost terrifying, this sight of a lonely cloud errant in night spaces, this silent scudding hyperbole of darkness where all is dark; and now Arcturus has gone.

Here I come to my moral. The presence of the heaviest and most intolerable misfortunes coming between a human mind and the passion which is to make it realize its own immortality is of no more consequence than is that Titan of writhing mists, who has now overspread half the sky, to the immemorial flare in the heavens which man has named Arcturus.

The passage illustrates very well the temper of a delightful moralist at large whose charm has a tinge of Euphuism.

Notes

A fifth, revised and enlarged, edition of "Dillon on Municipal Corporations" is announced for immediate publication by Little, Brown & Co. It was more than forty-five years ago that the author, then a judge of the Supreme Court of Iowa, commenced his work, which came out in one volume in 1872. The fifth edition will appear in five volumes.

The "Iliad of Homer," done into English blank verse by Arthur Gardner Lewis, is announced by the Baker & Taylor Co.

John Lane Co. publishes this week: "The Young Idea," a story of child-life by Parker H. Fillmore; "The Socialist Countess," by Horace W. C. Nowte; "Billy," by Paul Methuen, and "The Nelsons of Burnham Thorpe," by M. Eyre Matcham.

Burns's "Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," published in 1786, has been reprinted in type-facsimile at the Oxford Press, and is about to be added by Henry Frowde to the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will have ready in the summer or early autumn: "The Passing of the Idle Rich," by Frederick Townsend Martin; "The Recording Angel," by Mrs. Corra Harris; "Rolf in the Woods," by Ernest Thompson Seton, and "The Harvest," by Mrs. Gene Stratton Porter.

As an addition to their Little Cousin series, L. C. Page & Co. announce "José: Our Little Portuguese Cousin," by Edith A. Sawyer; another book for juveniles which they have in hand is "Chinese Playmates," by Norman H. Pitman.

Messrs. Cotta of Berlin will soon publish a new volume of short stories by Sudermann.

A manuscript of the complete Hebrew Bible, said to be one of the oldest in ex-

istence, has been discovered in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and is described in the *Expository Times* for June by Prof. A. R. S. Kennedy, who assigns it provisionally to the thirteenth century.

We are glad to learn of the continued popularity of Dr. J. J. Walsh's "Thirteenth Greatest of Centuries" (Catholic Summer School Press), to which a third edition bears testimony. In its present form the volume is enriched with above a hundred additional illustrations, taken from the architecture and other arts of the age. A new appendix contains twenty-six paragraphs (or skeletons, so to speak, of suppressed chapters) on various topics not brought out in the main argument of the book.

The Yale Collegiate School and Hospital in Chang-sha is an interesting educational enterprise in China, supported by the Yale Foreign Missionary Society. Founded six years ago, in the capital of a province, Hunan, noted above all others for its anti-foreign sentiment, it has won the esteem of the people to such an extent that last year not only more than half of the students were from the official and literary classes, but in the anti-foreign riots in April its buildings were spared. Recently a change of sentiment on the part of the gentry has enabled the college to buy twenty acres of land for a campus. It is hoped that sufficient funds will be forthcoming to permit the establishment of a medical department in connection with the hospital for the training of Chinese doctors.

The volume of "Minor Poems," edited by Ernest de Sélincourt, completes the Clarendon Press edition of Spenser, the first two volumes of which, containing "The Faerie Queene," were edited by J. C. Smith. This edition has two great advantages: the printing is in clear and handsome type of good size, the text is the result of extreme care. In the latter point, to be sure, what comparison we have made does not show any superiority to the Cambridge Spenser (Houghton Mifflin), edited by R. E. Neil Dodge. The Oxford text gives in footnotes a considerable variety of readings, most of which, however, are of small value; it lacks the explanatory notes which lend convenience to the Cambridge volume. In detail, there is little to say. Professor de Sélincourt has based his text on the first editions, believing, as does Professor Dodge, that the later editions did not receive Spenser's revision. He takes "E. K." to be Edward Kirke or some other friend of the poet; and, indeed, there is little to be said for taking the initials as a blind for the poet himself. Of the "Amoretti" Professor de Sélincourt accepts the traditional view, that they were addressed to the poet's future wife. He rejects P. W. Long's theory that most of these sonnets were written while Spenser was in London, and were addressed to Lady Carey. For those who do not demand explanatory notes, this is the best edition of Spenser.

"Sir Perceval of Galles: a Study of the Sources of the Legend" (the University of Chicago Press), by Prof. Reginald Harvey Griffith, is a monograph on the sources of the Middle English metrical romance of that name. As is well known, this poem differs from all the French romances relating to Perceval, inasmuch as it contains nothing concerning the Holy Grail; and

some scholars have, accordingly, regarded it as representing the most primitive form extant of the legend of this hero, although others—and it seems to us with better reason—have argued that it is merely a skilful adaptation of the "Perceval" of Chrétien de Troyes (*i. e.*, the first part), with omission of the Grail material. Mr. Griffith's conclusion is that "Sir Perceval of Galles" is "an English singer's versification of a folk-tale that was known in his district of northwest England." In view of the close agreement, however, that exists between Chrétien and the English poem, it is incredible that the sources of the two should lie so far apart, even if we assume that the former was not the direct original of the latter. Under this theory, too, there is no satisfactory explanation for the French names of the characters in "Sir Perceval." In his comparison of the extant versions of the Perceval story, Mr. Griffith makes virtually no allowance for invention on the part of the individual writers or for chance resemblance of incident. Still further, he strains faint analogies between different stories to an unreasonable degree. For instance, the man who could extract from such stories as those cited in chapter v, the episode which is called, "The Rescue of the Lady Falsely Accused," would certainly fulfil Wordsworth's definition of a poet as a person who could discern resemblances between totally dissimilar things. Finally, like so many recent studies in this field—especially on this side of the ocean—the book is wearisomely over-elaborated. Even specialists must sometimes feel that, if investigations of the kind are not conducted with a better sense of proportion than at present, this whole class of studies is likely to suffer the fate which has been predicted for the modern battleship, in view of its ever-growing complexity, that it will break down of its own weight.

Routledge's New Universal Library (Dutton) issues Auguste Comte's "Early Essays on Social Philosophy," in the translation of Henry Dix Hutton. A brief introduction and additional notes are furnished by Frederic Harrison. "These six early essays of [Comte's] youth," observes the editor, "convince us that from the first he was inspired with the twofold [*i. e.*, scientific and social] purpose, and that in devoting some thirty years of his life to the sciences, it was simply from the profound conviction that a new social gospel must be preached from the chair of systematic science."

The Rev. Timothy Richard, D.D., of the English Baptist Mission, China, believes that Mr. Zuzuki's translation of the text of the Buddhist Church called "The Awakening of Faith" is deficient because that eminent scholar was "without the knowledge of the Buddhists' true key to the fundamental and central idea of the book"—which everyone must admit is a defect. He has attempted, therefore, to rectify the deficiency with a new translation under the title, "The New Testament of Higher Buddhism" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), and by insisting that the missing key is not "suchness," as Zuzuki rendered the native word, but "God as the true model." Doing away with "suchness" and substituting God certainly makes the "New Testament" easier for those to understand

who prefer to have philosophic terms translated simply and pleasantly. The Rev. Dr. Richard also objects to Professor Kern's translation of the text called the "Lotus." By adopting instead the translation in Dr. Richard's book, "Western readers will be in a position to understand the vital connection between Christianity and Buddhism, and to pave the way for the one great world-wide religion of the future." We advise all readers to begin with the beginning, as succinctly stated on p. 49 of this book: "These common doctrines of New Buddhism and Christianity . . . both came from a common source, Babylonia." Other "discoveries" of the well-meaning author have been known for a long time; but it is pleasant to greet any clergyman so liberal in his views, and it will do his brethren no harm to read about all these "discoveries," whether made by Dr. Richard or by others.

"The Standard of Living Among the Industrial People of America," by Frank H. Streightoff (Houghton Mifflin) is a summary of all the important data which have thus far been collected by trustworthy authorities on the living conditions of the working men and women in the United States. The principal sources of information are the studies made by Prof. Robert C. Chapin, Mrs. Louise B. More, and the United States Bureau of Labor. Frequent reference is made to other works, however, and the author appears to have pretty thoroughly covered the available material. It is to be regretted that more intensive studies, like those above mentioned, have not been made, covering a larger part of our population. The present volume is mainly descriptive in character, and gives the facts in regard to such topics as the household budgets, amount of unemployment, housing, food, clothing, thrift, social and family life, health, and wages of the working classes. For these subjects the book will serve as a valuable reference work.

One could wish, however, that the author had gone more thoroughly into the theoretic aspects of the standard of living, giving an account of the factors which determine the standard of living of any people, and particularly the conditions which have set the standard for the American people. We pride ourselves on having a higher average standard among our working people than any other civilized nation. It would be worth while to know whether this is so, and, if so, whether it is likely to continue the same. The influence of immigration upon the American standard is an important matter, to which the author gives only a few sentences. In general, the picture which the book presents is rather gloomy. In each one of the aspects of life which are considered it appears that a very large part of our working people suffer a serious deficiency. Six hundred and fifty dollars is set as the minimum wage which will suffice for the merest decencies of life for an average family over the country as a whole. Yet it seems that as many as 5,000,000 of the male industrial workers in this country do not earn \$600 a year. The manufacturing plants of this country are utilized, on the average, only to 75 per cent. of their capacity, yet the average annual loss to the country through unemployment amounts to more than a million years of working time. One cannot read the book thoughtfully without feeling that the industrial adjustment in the

United States is far from satisfactory or healthy.

We commend "A Tenderfoot With Peary" (Stokes), by George Borup, to all detractors of the American college, and particularly to disparaging commentators on athletics. However Arctic exploration is to be regarded from a utilitarian standpoint, its exacting on brain and brawn and mettle combine to make it the enterprise par excellence for trying out the all-round fitness of the participants. Of the spirit which animated this expedition, we need quote only one expression—the "Tenderfoot's" entry on the day when it was in the order of the game for his sledge division to drop out of the running:

This was my farthest North. I would have given my immortal soul to have gone on. I was in luck, to get as far as I did . . . Still it was part of the game. When the captain of your eleven orders you to go to the side lines, there's no use making a gallery play by frenzied pleas to be allowed to go on.

Academic sticklers should be gratified to observe how liberally the Yale curriculum has contributed to the "Tenderfoot's" orientation in scientific and other fields. We may safely say that in the matter of verbal resourcefulness and figurative profusion he has (in his own expressive phrases) "the whole bunch" of Elizabethan dramatists "skinned a mile." Ten years hence we may even need a glossary for such passages as "Eginguch noticed it (the partially eclipsed sun) first and when he saw that glim half doused, he yanked the surprise-screech stop out of his vocal organ." On the other hand, "The monotony was given its quietus on the jump," though perhaps not etymologically logical, will always convey the suggestion of ennui dispelled. Descriptions of sledging adventures, igloo architecture, polar menus, and the hunting of Arctic game with gun and camera certainly lose nothing by being couched in the undergraduate tongue.

There are books for beginners that present a fresher treatment, a clearer comprehension of the inner nature of the problems discussed, and a more persuasive presentation of their real importance and inevitability than are to be found in the two volumes of H. E. Cushman's "Beginner's History of Philosophy" (Houghton Mifflin). The book is a compilation rather than a new work. In the first volume in particular our author's indebtedness to one of his predecessors—namely, Windelband (whose "History of Ancient Philosophy" he translated)—is rather striking. Occasionally there is a verbatim quotation with no quotation marks, and in a number of places Windelband's treatment is simply translated into words of one syllable. Too much, however, must not be made of this, for in condensing the story of a long development of thought into a few words for the use of beginners it is well-nigh impossible to invent a perfectly new mode of presentation. The pedagogical merits of the book are its use of outlines, maps, and pictures, its sharp division of subjects into sub-heads (duly numbered), its labelled paragraphs (so that the student may always know what he is reading about), its short and clear sentences, its skilful simplification of difficult doctrines, and especially its interesting and helpful presentation of the relation between a given philosophy and the life of the times in which it originated.

One of the most vital problems connected with American education—a problem all unsolved as yet—is discussed by John Franklin Brown in "The Training of Teachers for Secondary Schools" (Macmillan). He shows how clearly defined an idea the Germans have of the ends of education, and how carefully considered are the means of obtaining teachers calculated to produce those ends. He then discusses the preparation of the secondary teacher in this country. He points out the great lack of training for the work, and suggests the improvement that would result through the adaptation of the German system to American conditions. It is interesting to note his opinion that the superior scholarship of the German teacher is the most important single factor in the excellence of the German schools.

Charles F. Tawing has written a history of "Education in the United States Since the Civil War" (Houghton Mifflin). He begins with a statistical comparison designed to show not only absolutely, but relatively, the growth of the public school system, and the great increase in liberality with which it is supported. He shows the improvement in organization which has taken place in the public schools, and in colleges and universities. The chapter on Educational Thought puts into few pages the vital changes in spirit and in ideals which the transitional period has evolved. Other chapters discuss Morals and Religion, the Athlete Renaissance, and Material Education. The book closes with sketches of some of those whose influence during the past forty years has been so potent in enlarging the work of education in the United States.

Of a similar purpose with reference to education in England is Sir Philip Magnus's "Educational Aims and Efforts, 1880-1910" (Longmans). Few Englishmen are better situated to give a clear survey of the progress of education in their country than the author of this book. Naturally his long service as organizing director and secretary to the city and guilds of London Institute, during which his work was the development of technical instruction for all classes of workers, has made his interest in that phase of education especially great, and we find it treated with much fulness in this book. The abandonment of the so-called "payment by results" system of support of the elementary schools, and the consequent liberation of teaching from the relentless mechanical drill for passing examinations; the abolition of fees; much progress toward adapting instruction to the needs of various classes of children; large extension of secondary schools, and a great advance in technical education are the achievements which the book records.

"Spanish Composition" (Holt), by J. P. W. Crawford, consists of thirty lessons and a vocabulary. The lessons are similar in plan to those of Francois's French composition books. Good judgment is shown in choice and arrangement of material.

It seems a pity that a book with so excellent a purpose as Henry W. Elson's "Guide to English History for Young Readers" (Baker & Taylor Co.) should not at least have been kept free from glaring peculiarities and errors. A book of this character is certainly not the place for a dis-

quisition on the merits and defects of the modern jury system (pp. 67-70); nor for a superficial and biased criticism of the relations between Canada and the mother country, with sidelights on American annexation (pp. 282-284); nor yet for a philippic against the "caste system" of an hereditary nobility, before which the English people to-day "bow in homage . . . as a weak-minded mother caters to the whims of her spoiled child" (pp. 178-180). It should seem to be about time, also, that makers of books for young people ceased to talk about such things as the crushing burdens of feudalism (p. 67), or the immediate potency of Magna Charta in securing an impartial administration of justice (p. 87), or the "detested (sic) sycophancy" of such men as Sir Thomas More in their references to their sovereign (p. 136). For the rest, the volume is a sketchy and readable account of English history, not good enough to be highly commended, and not bad enough to be condemned.

and healing. It will, however, enable those who are interested in many curious modern movements to understand their psychology. We regret that the book is disfigured by many careless references to medical history in the Middle Ages. The supposed absence of medical teaching because of Church opposition is a disputable fact. Medical schools never had higher standards or more faithful teachers than in the later Middle Ages. Very general acceptance of superstitions is compatible with a high development of medical science, as we see in our own time.

The Hispanic Society of America will issue as No. 81 of its publications "Atlas of Portolan Charts, facsimile of manuscript in British Museum," with a brief introduction and list of charts, edited by Edward Luther Stevenson. These Portolan charts, designed for the use of navigators, are ascribed to Vesconte de Maiollo, who constructed his atlas shortly after 1500.

The "Berliner Astronomisches Jahrbuch" for 1911 has appeared, edited, like the preceding, by Professor Cohn, director of the Rechen-Institut.

The "Textbook of General Bacteriology" (Macmillan), prepared by W. D. Frost of the University of Wisconsin and E. F. McCampbell of Ohio State University, is based on material already used for some years in the teaching of college classes. It purports to meet a demand for a concise book on the subject in English. The lack of such books does not seem to us quite so marked as is assumed in the preface, having been decidedly diminished by the excellent book by Jordan which appeared a couple of years ago and has already reached a second edition. Conciseness is certainly attained, for the amount of material dealt with in a little more than three hundred pages is very great. There are some sixty illustrations, mostly judiciously borrowed and with a few exceptions well reproduced. The main facts appear to be correct, and the presentation is in parts good, sometimes excellent, but as a whole the book is unnecessarily hard to read. From the point of view of the young student it would be a gain to have further condensation of matters relating to classification and the like, with more elaboration of the sections which treat of the methods of culture and the theories of bacterial action, here all too briefly presented or relegated to the laboratory. More especially it may be urged that the methods of disinfection are not well described; that the distinctions concerning pathogenic bacteria are not always intelligible; that the problem of the ptomaines needs much explanation and many qualifications to bring out the present attitude of medical men toward the disturbances formerly attributed to these substances. The purely practical chapters are not clear enough, those relating to water and sewage being altogether too concise. The chapters on milk are exceptionally good. There are some unfortunate typographical errors, of which we note: "dysentariae" (pp. 235, 246), "trepenema" (p. 236), "amoebi coli" (p. 246), "subaceous glands" (p. 319). The name of the noted little Swiss village where the water supply was first

Science

Three Thousand Years of Mental Healing. By George Barton Cutten, President of Acadia University. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Dr. Cutten, lest there should be any misunderstanding, let us interject that he is a doctor of philosophy and not of medicine, has done an important service to medicine, to religion, to psychology, and to practical life by gathering together for us here in America, where surely "no nation needed it so much," the scattered details of the history of mental healing. Men at all times have been cured of all sorts of ills from which they were suffering, by faith—that is, by arousing in them the confidence either that they had nothing the matter with them, or that some power not themselves was going to cure them. This was true in Old Egypt, it was true in Greece and Rome, it was true in the Middle Ages, it was true in the last century, it is just as true now as it ever was in human history. It is even probable that there never was a time when so many people were being cured of ills, real or imaginary, by faith as just now. All the quackery, virtually all the proprietary medicines, are faith cures, for their composition is well known and they have no mysterious secret composition, by which they work their wonders.

The commonest idea in faith cures of the more religious type has been either that disease does not exist, except in man's mind, because God is too good to permit it, or else that it is due to the devil's effect upon us which would surely be neutralized by faith. Dr. Cutten sketches the rise and spread of many large religious sects founded upon such notions within the past generation. Of course, the book will have no effect upon those who have been benefited by these systems of thought

shown to be the cause of an epidemic of typhoid fever is Lausen not Lawsen (p. 296). The index despite its size does not quite do justice to the text, and for many readers some kind of glossary would be helpful.

Drama and Music

A GREAT GERMAN PLAY.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 5.

After the artificial craze of ultra-nationalistic and ultra-symbolistic experiments, it is refreshing to hear of the popular success of a drama unencumbered by aesthetic theories, born from the imagination of a real poet. And it is pleasant to note that the German Emperor, who has so often challenged the artistic predilections of the day, here finds himself in accord with the best public opinion, by proclaiming this poet as the man for whom the German stage had been waiting and as a true exponent of national dramatic art.

Karl Schönher, the author of "Glaube und Heimat," is a Viennese physician about forty years old. He has shown literary skill and familiarity with the life and the feelings of the people in a number of Austrian dialect stories and plays; he has also, in his fairy drama, "Das Königreich," dealt successfully with the more complicated problems of sensual enjoyment and spiritual aspiration. But not until the production of this latest drama of his, which was first enthusiastically acclaimed last December at the Vienna Volkstheater and has since then run its triumphal course throughout Germany as far north as the Stadttheater at Kiel,* has he revealed himself as a creative artist of a high order.

The theme of this tragedy is the conflict between the peasant's attachment to the soil and his loyalty to a religious belief. The time and place of the action are the Austria of the era of the Catholic Counter-Reformation, toward the end of the sixteenth century; the principal characters are Austrian peasants whom adherence to the Lutheran cause transforms into martyrs and heroes. What gives to the play its poetic power is that, in spite of the religious strife and inspiration portrayed in it, it is absolutely free from any sectarian bias, confining itself to the doubts and terrors, the inward triumphs and exaltations, in other words, the universally human emotions, born from these religious struggles.

The action storms through three short acts, the end of each act bringing a climax of extraordinary intensity. There are no set speeches, no theatrical embellishments, no artificial retardations, hardly any byplay. One is reminded

of the trenchant manner of Ibsen; but it is Ibsen without his vagaries and extravagances, Ibsen mellowed and humanized by contact with popular art.

Although the play bears the subtitle "The Tragedy of a People," and although it represents the martyrdom of masses of men and women, yet it centres in the catastrophe of one family, that of Christopher Rott, a prosperous peasant in an Alpine village. The Imperial Government has sent its soldiery into this mountain region, to hunt out all converts to Protestantism and drive them from the land. "The wild hunter is raging," the people say; and on every hand we see terror and destruction following his path.

All this is going on in the homesteads around Rott's farm, and more than one of his neighbors has fled to his house for succor. The family Rott is nominally Catholic; the wife indeed is a stanch believer in the Virgin and the saints; but Rott himself and his aged father are secret followers of the new creed. When they are alone, they take out the Bible hidden under a loose plank of the floor, and read the promises for those who confess His name before men, and tremble at the threats of perdition to those who do not dare to declare themselves. The course of events which lead to Rott's open confession of faith forms the main theme of the first act.

The second act is largely concerned with the inner conflicts and outer hardships which finally wring from Rott's eighty-two-year-old father—Alt-Rott, as he is called—the same decision to come out boldly for the cause to which he has long been secretly attached. Alt-Rott is perhaps the most complicated character of the play. In him the struggle between the allegiance to his ancestral home and the call of conscience which entails separation from all that is dear to him rages most fiercely. He feels near the grave; the village barber who is treating him for dropsy has given him only a fortnight more to live; all he longs for is an honorable burial in the family lot; and he is pursued by the dread of being driven out before then. So he holds back with his confession; he is determined to make it at the point of death, with his last breath, posing meanwhile as a devout Catholic. But at last even this old man, in whom the peasant's love of his native ground seems to overshadow all other feelings, is forced to sacrifice it for a higher spiritual demand. He comes to know that a neighbor's wife who has been killed for not giving up her Bible has not even had a Christian burial: soldiers have carried her body out to the "Knacker's Yard." And now the old man, crazed by the fear that this will happen to him if he is left alone to die in his homestead, flings his confession: "I, too, am a Lutheran!"

into the face of his oppressors, and beseeches them to send him across the frontier, the sooner the better, so that he may be buried, on foreign soil to be sure, but as a Christian.

The last act brings the culmination of religious fanaticism and cruelty, but at the same time, in Rott's victory over his own feelings of hatred and revenge, a sublime and harmonious conclusion. The day for the deportation of all Protestants has now come. The whole Rott family are ready for it. The farm has been sold; the old father can hardly wait to reach a country where he will be sure of a Christian burial; Rott's wife, in spite of her Catholic sympathies, has decided to cast in her lot with her husband and to accompany him into exile; and their boy, Spatz, a charming, dare-devil, irrepressibly exuberant youngster of fifteen, is so infatuated with the prospect of "seeing the world" that he can hardly contain himself in his eagerness for the departure. It is then that the family are struck by the most terrible, the most crushing blow. Only grown-up persons, thus goes the command, are to be allowed to leave the country; minor children are to be kept by the authorities, so that they may be brought up in the true faith and be saved from damnation! So Spatz is to be separated from his parents.

But Spatz is determined to go with his parents; he defies the soldiers who are ordered to arrest him; and when there is no other way left for escape, jumps into the millbrook, to let himself be carried along by its swift current. His body only is recovered by the father. There follows a scene of wild despair and grim hatred. The tormented father leaps upon the Imperial Officer, and throws him to the ground. And while his wife, half crazed with grief, shouts encouragement to him, he lifts the axe to crush his enemy's skull. Then there comes to him the Bible word of forgiving one's enemies; he releases his opponent; he even holds out his hand to him; and then he puts the body of his boy upon the cart laden with household utensils, and father, mother, and the dead child start upon their journey into an unknown future. The officer follows them with his eyes until they are lost to sight; then, with a wild stamp of his foot, he breaks his sword in two, and sinks to the ground, overcome with confusion and self-reproach.

I have given only the barest outline of a drama presenting a great variety of characters and throbbing with life in its every line. It is not surprising that, in these days of anti-Modernist reaction in the Catholic Church, the play should have been forbidden by over-zealous local authorities in Upper-Austria. But it cannot be stated too emphatically that the play itself is not in the least anti-Catholic. It is full of sympathy for any

*In book form (Leipzig: L. Staackmann) it has reached a sale of 40,000 copies.

religious belief. It does not condemn or judge; it interprets life.

KUNO FRANCKE.

Mary Austin's drama, "The Arrow Maker," recently played with considerable success at the New Theatre, now appears in book form (Duffield). A perusal of it confirms the favorable opinion produced by its stage representation. Although not a great literary work, it is by no means devoid of imaginative power or poetic expression, while it has especial value as an expert effort to present a living picture of aboriginal character and customs. As an illustration of quasi-historical fiction, it is both interesting and instructive. The story which it tells is ingenious and plausible and offers a variety of histrionic opportunities. In many ways the work is a valuable addition to the repertory of the real American Theatre.

It is through no lack of diligent research on the part of the author, Mrs. C. C. Stopes, that William Hunnis is forced to play a somewhat unobtrusive rôle in the large volume consecrated to his life and interests ("William Hunnis and the Revels of the Chapel Royal," Bang's *Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas*, XXIX). Much space is given to a recital, freshly documented, of conspiracies against Queen Mary, in which Hunnis bore a part, and to the dramatic activities of the Chapel Children, of whom Hunnis was for thirty years master. Of the plays mentioned in connection with his name, none has survived, though Mrs. Stopes pleads for his authorship of the extant "Interlude of Jacob and Esau." Grocer, alchemist, and poet, Hunnis is perhaps best known for his device of "The Lady of the Lake," in Leicester's Kenilworth festivities (1575), which Shakespeare is supposed to have witnessed. His sturdy Protestantism Elizabeth took occasion to reward with characteristic parsimony. She appointed him Supervisor of the Royal Gardens at Greenwich, by no means a sinecure, at 12d. a day, and, in 1570, toll-taker on London Bridge. It was a mere detail that this office was really in the gift of the Corporation and was then filled. The incumbent, however, hastened to buy him off for £40, and Hunnis expressed himself as quite content with the Queen's generosity. (London: David Nutt.)

Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern will close their season's work with a series of farewell performances, at popular prices, in the Broadway Theatre, beginning on the 2d of July and ending on the 14th of the same month. The plays will be "Macbeth," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Hamlet," "Twelfth Night," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Merchant of Venice." Since they were last seen in this city Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern have carried their Shakespearean repertory to the Pacific Coast and back.

Sir Herbert Tree will personally superintend the stage management of Ben Jonson's masque, "The Vision of Delight," which is to be one of the features of the coronation gala performance in His Majesty's Theatre. The first scene represents "A Street in Perspective of Fair Building," which changes to a cloud, and then to the Bower of Zephyrus, which opens to disclose the glories of spring. This will afford him ample scope for the exercise of his peculiar skill in the creation of stage spectacles.

"The Married Woman" is the title of a new three-act play by C. B. Fernald, which is to be produced in London by the Incorporated Stage Society. It is understood to be a piece of series intent, written in more or less humorous mood.

Lydia Yavorska, who made a notable hit in London by her performance of Norah in "A Doll's House," appears to have created a strong impression by her impersonation of Hedda Gabler in the Kingsway Theatre.

Under the somewhat ambitious title of "Théâtre Français de Londres" Vaughan Grey is giving a series of twelve French performances in a little West End London theatre, with eminent French players. The opening piece was "Octave," by Yves Mirande and Henri Géroule, played by Félix Galipaux and his company. Among future engagements are those of Léo Claretie, who will talk about "La Femme"; Vaughan Grey in selections from his repertory as given at the Théâtre des Capucines, with music by Curt M. Platho; Mounet Sully and Mme. Jeanne Granier, and Mlle. Lillian Greuze, from the Capucines. It is intended also to produce a play which Charles Reade wrote in French, entitled "Le Faubourg St.-Germain." M. Claretie is the French director and Vaughan Grey the English director of the scheme.

Edward Harrigan, one of New York's old-time entertainers—actor, singer, dancer, playwright, song writer, manager, and best remembered, perhaps, for his "Mulligan Guards"—died last week at the age of sixty-five. Among the plays which he wrote are: "Squatter Sovereignty," "McSorley's Inflation," "Cordelia's Aspirations," "Old Lavender," and "Reilly and the 400."

Ten thousand men and women of London listened the other day to a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew" Passion, at St. Paul's Cathedral. How different from New York, whenever this masterwork is produced! But then, in London, they have great choral conductors as well as good choirs. Concerning the performance referred to, the *London Times* said:

The whole space of the cathedral is crammed with attentive hearers, of whom many stand the whole time, and among whom there prevails a silence that might be envied by those who frequent secular concerts. If any refutation were needed of the silly parrot-ery that we are not a musical nation, it is surely to be found here, for the attraction is simply the sublimity of the highest music that man has conceived.

The composer of "Hänsel and Gretel" and "Königskinder" has a son, Wolfram Humperdinck, who made a successful début in Berlin the other day as orchestral conductor. He produced a youthful composition of his father, the prelude to Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

The Parisians are at last beginning to understand that for a proper performance of Wagner's music dramas a great conductor is as important as great singers. For the two Nibelung cycles to be given at the Opéra this month Felix Mottl and Arthur Nikisch have been engaged. In the days when Wagner himself was in Paris he found it impossible to get permission to conduct his own music. In the recently published autobiography he says in regard to the rehearsals of "Tannhäuser" that the singers were so unequal to their tasks that he had

to count chiefly on the effect the orchestra would make:

But it was precisely in this department that the chaos was most hopeless. Every line of the drawing was made indistinct, the result being that the singers gradually lost all assurance and even the poor ballet girls could no longer find the measure for their trivial *pas*. I finally deemed it necessary to interfere and declare that the opera must be given under another conductor, my own if deemed necessary. This declaration brought the confusion to a climax; even the orchestral players, who had long since recognized the incompetence of their conductor and ridiculed him, now faced about and opposed me in favor of their notorious chief. The newspapers raved about my "arrogance," and in view of all these things Napoleon III could think of no other advice to give me than to urge me to desist from my desires, lest I jeopardize my situation and the outlook for my work altogether. The only concession I could get was permission to continue the rehearsals and have as many of them as I pleased.

The socialistic newspaper, *Vorwärts*, of Berlin, is joyfully proclaiming Schumann as a brother revolutionist, because of the discovery, by the keeper of the library of the Paris Opéra, of some part songs written by that composer in 1848. They are in his own handwriting, for four male voices on revolutionary words, and have never been printed. The librarian, Malherbe, for a long time kept his discovery to himself. Eventually a friend of his brought out a volume about Schumann, and M. Malherbe showed him the score, which was mentioned in the book. Immediately afterward the librarian of the opera was approached by persons on behalf of German choral societies, who wished to look at the manuscript. M. Malherbe refused, and has continued to refuse to show it. He gives fairly cogent reasons for his refusal. On the one hand, the copyright of Schumann's works has now lapsed. Therefore, M. Malherbe contends, the ownership of an unpublished manuscript by Schumann rests solely with the possessor of it, who is the sole judge as to the advisability of publication. The term of copyright having expired, Schumann's heirs have no more claim in the matter.

Art

COLLECTIONS OF THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, May 31.

While recognizing the value of the work the Art Institute is doing in several directions, one must not forget that its main function is, after all, that of forming a permanent museum of works of art, and that its permanent collections, though neither so large nor so high in standard of merit as those of our own Metropolitan, are yet becoming important. In their influence here in the Middle West they should be very important indeed. I do not know enough of such matters to be a competent judge of the merit of the collections of Oriental art, of antique vases, etc. Of the collection of casts and works of sculpture, it may be said that it is a good one, and, as regards works on a large scale, more representative of our own art than any collection accessible.

ble in New York. But I am more interested in the collection of paintings, and it contains a good many things worth noticing. It seems to be a settled habit of Chicago collectors to hang their pictures in the Museum from time to time, thus placing them at the disposal of the public. There are several such collections now on the walls of the Institute, and each of them contains works of importance. I shall not, however, concern myself with these collections—each would demand a whole letter for adequate treatment—but where isolated loans hang among the pictures belonging to the Museum, and where their interest for me prompts me to do so, I shall consider them with their neighbors.

The most important picture in the Museum, in size if in nothing else, is El Greco's Assumption of the Virgin, which hangs at the head of the new grand staircase. Painted in 1577, when the artist was about thirty years old and was fresh from Italy, it should show the influence of his reputed master, Titian, but it would be difficult to find in it any evidence of relationship with the great Venetian. As far as it shows any recognizable influence, it is that of Tintoretto, whose manner of composition it suggests; but it is unlike him or any other Italian in color and in the types of the figures. The models Greco employed were probably Spaniards, and his cool color, at once brighter and grayer than that of his contemporaries, influenced the coloring of Velasquez, so that his work is already entirely original and seems already entirely Spanish. The drawing is rather careless, but it shows none of the strange distortions so common in his later work. A good many attempts have been made to explain the peculiarities of this or that artist by some malady of the eye, but the explanations are seldom convincing. In the case of the later works of Theotopoulos, however—works which used to be explained by madness—there seem to me unmistakable evidences of extreme astigmatism. Spectacles were in their infancy in his day, and such a defect of vision could not have been corrected as it would be now. Greco is one of the latest discoveries of the dealers, and is being written up into a great master. This relatively sane picture is an interesting thing, and is more nearly beautiful than anything of his I have seen elsewhere, but it is scarcely great.

The Institute's other old masters are in the Hutchinson Gallery, and are nearly all of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Thirteen of them were purchased from the Demidoff collection, and nearly all of these are fine things in their way. The best of them all, the best thing in the Museum, and one of the best things anywhere, is the famous Portrait of a Girl by Rembrandt, sometimes known as The Orphan, which will be remem-

bered by those who saw the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition as perhaps the most wonderful picture in that wonderful collection. As noble as a Titian, as subtle as a Leonardo, with all Rembrandt's power and humanity and with a degree of pure beauty hardly elsewhere to be found in his work, it is a picture never to be forgotten. The quiet browns and blacks—in spite of the printed description from the San Donato Catalogue, there is no red in the picture except in the coral necklace—are astonishingly full of color, the adorable blond head is effulgently yet discreetly luminous, and the handling is a lesson in the amount of richness of surface that may be attained with very little loading. It is a pure masterpiece, and one may perhaps be pardoned for envying Chicago its possession.

There is nothing else like this in the Institute, but there are other things that it is good to have. There are, for instance, a Hals of fair quality; a very good though not an exceptional Terborch, The Guitar Lesson; a small Ostade and a good sized Jan Steen, which are as interesting as such things are; and landscapes by Hobbema, Ruysdael, and Van de Velde. The Hobbema is an admirable example of his watermills, and the Ruysdael a fine picture of a torrent, but I prefer to either Mr. Ryerson's Ruysdael, which hangs in the same room, a sober little landscape with a touch of poetic melancholy. Another borrowed picture is a little Portrait of a Man by Netscher, so beautifully painted as almost to place its author among the great. The sitter—if one may call him so, for he is standing—is evidently a fashionable and wealthy young man, good-looking and wearing a flowing light brown periwig. He wears some kind of a wrap lined with blue silk over a costume of brown and gold, and beyond him is a landscape with water stairs where gentlemen and ladies are descending to a boat. The textures are rendered with a delightful freedom and a gem-like brilliancy that I have not before seen in Netscher's work, and I might have been tempted to think it by some other and abler hand were it not for the signature, so dissimulated in the crinkle of the silk as to be unmistakably a part of the original painting.

Among works of the Flemish school belonging to the Institute are a delightful Portrait of a Man by an unknown master of "about 1525," a Rubens, and a Van Dyck. According to the catalogue of the de Beurnonville collection, from which it came, the Portrait of a Man "has been attributed by some connoisseurs to Albert Dürer," but the connoisseurs must have been blind. The portrait is totally unlike Dürer in drawing and in technique. It is much more like Holbein, and more like Van Eyck than either, but it is later than Van Eyck and earlier than Holbein, I should say,

for the costume suggests an earlier date than that given in the catalogue. Whoever the painter was, he knew his business. It is a beautiful piece of quiet characterization, accurate drawing, sober color, and smooth, uniting surface. Rubens's portrait of the Marquis Spfnola is more interesting from the personality of its subject than for its technical merit, though it is admirably drawn and very skilfully painted. It is rather close and solid in texture, without the fluidity of more characteristic works. To compare it with the head of the same person in Velasquez's Surrender of Breda is to have a lesson in the variations of interpretation when different artists treat the same subject matter. The Van Dyck, a portrait of Helena Du Bois, wife of a painter who was Van Dyck's friend, is a fine and sound performance, with none of the fine lady affectations so common in the artist's later work. The head is beautiful and lifelike in its grave directness of regard, and the blacks and whites of the costume and the brown of the background are full of quality. The picture seems to have been painted after the Venetian manner, with glazes over a monochromatic foundation.

In this same room are two little panels of the Madonna, belonging to Mr. Ryerson, which are the only Italian works of any importance in the galleries. One is Florentine and would seem to have some relation to the school of Botticelli; the other, signed Hieronomo da Sata, and dated 1516, is early Venetian. I can find nothing about da Sata in books of reference, but the school in which he was trained is unmistakable. Neither of the pictures is a masterpiece, but their marked difference and their common air of breeding, as they hang side by side, make them pleasant and interesting to see.

After its Dutch and Flemish pictures the Institute is richest in modern French works, and the Field and Munger collections contain many more good pictures of the Barbizon school than I can find room to mention. Of the two large Corots there is, however, little good to be said, but the small landscape in the Field collection is, fortunately, of better quality, and the little figure of A Young Woman by the same painter is altogether delightful. Rousseau's Spring is very clear in color and delicate, if somewhat monotonous, in detail, and the larger of the two small marines by Dupré is unusually agreeable. Of a later time is Cazin's Tobias and the Angel, a picture which has always seemed to me—perhaps because it is the first Cazin I ever saw—to be one of the finest works of that artist. It was painted in 1878 and I saw it that same year and have loved it ever since.

But the one picture which dominates

the Field collection is Millet's *Bringing Home the New-Born Calf*. This, in spite of rather insufficient animal-drawing, is one of Millet's great things. The design is grand in style, the action of the figures is superbly rendered, and the color and light and shade are so rich in their sobriety as to make the good things which hang near look thin and papery by comparison. If I could bring one picture from these galleries home with me to New York, the Rembrandt only being out of the question, I should choose the Millet.

I must pass by things I had marked for mention. A picture called *The Young Duchess*, by John Faed, gives one a respect for a man who at least took his work seriously, and there are a large Manet, quite recently acquired, and a small Whistler, neither of which seems to me of high quality. Beside the Manet hangs a landscape by Jules Didier, a painter of whom I know nothing, which sets one to wondering if what we have gained from the impressionists is always a sufficient compensation for what we have lost. This picture of Hadrian's Villa, painted in 1859, is a belated piece of classicism. It is fine in its masses and in its cool dark color, but as you look into it there are endless surprises of beautiful form, lovely drawing of foliage, and firm anatomy of soil. A little way from it is a Pissaro of eleven years later, a dainty thing with apple blossoms and Corot-like houses—hardly more revolutionary than Corot and very charming. But after a while I find myself coming back to the Didier and finding a deeper and more permanent satisfaction there. Neither of these pictures, I am sorry to say, belongs to the Institute, but it does own a work that must not be forgotten, Fantin's noble portrait of Manet.

I shall say nothing of the American pictures in these galleries, though there were fine things here before the Friends of American Art took up their task, except to mention the most recent of the Museum's important acquisitions, a room full of Innesses, presented by Edward B. Butler. These pictures, from the collection of Emerson McMillin, evoke a question as to the degree of permanence to be expected for the present estimation of the painter. They are only temporarily placed, and the walls on which they are now hung are too light in color, so that they are not seen at their best; and, seen together, they do not help one another. Except for a few small and relatively insignificant canvases, they are all in the artist's latest manner, and, to speak frankly, they seem a little monotonous and a little disquieting in their formlessness. The earlier pictures are not early enough—I should like to have shown with them, for a time, two crisply studied pictures I know, both painted in 1849—and the late pictures are too late. After the

very early pictures, Inness's style lost more than it gained for a time, until his broadening manner reached its ripeness in his later days. In the last three or four years of his life I think the ripeness became over-ripe. In the private collections of Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. McCormick, now on exhibition in other galleries of the Institute, are two or three pictures which reassure one as to the validity of the title to fame of him whom we are taught to think our greatest landscape painter.

KENYON COX.

At the *Salon des Artistes Français*, the *médaille d'honneur* in the section of architecture has been awarded to Henri Prost for his *Sainte Sophie de Constantinople au sixième siècle* and his *Projet de transformation de la zone militaire de la ville d'Anvers*. In the section of painting C. L. Godey received the *Prix Rosa-Bonheur* for his *Pardon de Sainte Anne-la-Palud*. No medal of the first class was awarded.

Detailed reports of the excavations at Corfu, to which the interest shown by Emperor William has drawn special attention, have now been published, and the results obtained prove to be of first-rate importance. The site on which the excavations have been carried on is that of the ancient city of Corcyra, about two miles to the south of the modern town, in a district locally known as Palaeopolis. The systematic exploration of the site was undertaken by the Greek Archaeological Society in April, the work being entrusted to Mr. Versakis, one of the ephors of antiquities. Emperor William, who was present at the unearthing of some of the objects, has undertaken to defray the cost of the excavations, which will henceforth be carried out under the supervision of Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld. The remains found hitherto belong to an archaic Greek temple of the end of the seventh or the sixth century B. C. The sculptures brought to light apparently formed part of the western pediment. Their arrangement, which has been made out with tolerable certainty, presents many uncommon features. The central group consists of Perseus slaying Medusa, who is of colossal proportions compared to her opponent, a diminutive figure approaching from the right. On either side of this group is a large couchant lion, while the angles of the pediment are occupied, on the right by Zeus slaying a Titan with a thunderbolt, and on the left by a seated goddess warding off the blow of an assailant. In general character the Medusa recalls the figure of the well-known metope from Selinus, which represents the same subject. The sculptures are of poros stone and were covered with colors, traces of which are still visible. The temple appears to be of large proportions, the width of this western pediment measuring about 22 metres. It is not certain to whom it was dedicated; in Dr. Dörpfeld's opinion it was probably Apollo, since an old Venetian map has a temple dedicated to him marked on this site.

During excavations carried on by the German Archaeological Institute in Tyrins a number of fragments from fresco paintings were discovered both near the large staircase leading to the Lower City and in

the débris of the megaron. These fragments have now been reconstructed as far as possible, and have produced a series of interesting compositions, which are the more important since frescoes on the mainland are comparatively rare. The paintings can be divided into two groups—those of the older and those of the later palace. Of the fragments belonging to the former it was possible to reconstruct the upper parts of two figures of girls, the figure of a charioteer, and a herd of cattle driven by a man. Among the paintings from the later palace the most frequent are hunting scenes; thus six different representations of wild animals pursued by dogs have been found, recalling in arrangement similar scenes from the shaft graves of Mycenæ. Interesting are also the scenes of a man with two dogs, two women armed with spears riding on a chariot, and a frieze of deer. Besides these frescoes, which measure only 20 cm. in height, fragments from larger compositions were recovered, of which the most important shows a girl carrying a vessel, not unlike the Cup-Bearer from Knossos.

Frederick E. Bartlett, a marine and landscape painter of New York, died on Friday of last week, at the age of fifty-five.

Finance

DISSOLVING A HOLDING COMPANY.

Under the decisions recently handed down by the Supreme Court, the Standard Oil Company has until November 15, and the American Tobacco Company until November 29, with sixty days additional time, if necessary, to dissolve. Both corporations are holding companies, the Oil Trust being made up of nearly one hundred separate corporations, and the Tobacco Trust of sixty-seven. How these two holding companies will obey the mandate of the Supreme Court to dissolve in a way that "shall be honestly in harmony with and not repugnant to the law," is a question which is, and for some time is likely to be, of uppermost interest in financial discussion.

Some people hold that the Court of Appeals, acting under the instructions of the Supreme Court, must relieve the Tobacco Company, at least, of the burden of finding a way out of its difficulties; others take the view that the duty of the lower court ends with passing on the legality of whatever plan is worked out by the Tobacco Company as well as the Standard Oil. In some quarters it is believed that the various oil and tobacco companies will simply separate under three or four different heads, and continue as before; in other quarters it is argued that a complete and thorough dissolution must be brought about. On one side the theory is advanced that both companies know, and have known for months, exactly what will be done; on the other side the belief is firmly expressed that neither company has any

definite plan for carrying out the instructions of the Supreme Court.

Probably those who hold the last-named views are nearest the truth, for, in solving their problems, the American Tobacco and Standard Oil Companies have no guiding precedent. The Northern Securities decision was by no means as sweeping as those just handed down; however, as that case is the closest parallel to the tobacco and oil cases, it might be well to recall what happened in 1904.

The Supreme Court decision ordering the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company was handed down on March 14, 1904. Four days later James J. Hill, as president of the company, issued a circular to shareholders in which it was stated:

Your directors, at a meeting held this day, have, under advice of counsel, decided that in order to fully and promptly comply with the decree in this suit it is necessary to reduce the capital stock of the company, and to distribute to its shareholders the shares of the stock of railway companies now held by it.

The circular added that after the capital stock of the Northern Securities Company had been reduced from \$400,000,000 to \$3,954,000—the last-named amount covered assets in no way involved in the suit—shareholders would be called upon to deposit all of their Northern Securities. In return for Northern Securities stock, shareholders were to receive Northern Pacific and Great Northern shares on the basis of the original exchange; that is, Northern Pacific would be valued at 115 and Great Northern at 180. The circular then continued:

As required by the laws of the State of New Jersey, under which the company was created, a special meeting of the shareholders of this company has been called by the board of directors for Thursday, April 21, 1904, to vote upon said resolutions. Holders of this company stock to a large extent have already expressed their approval of the recommendations of the board, but the laws of New Jersey require a two-thirds vote of the stockholders to permit the company to reduce its capital stock. Such vote is the first step necessary for the proposed distribution of the railway companies' shares.

That step was taken, but it was by no means the last before the Northern Securities finally distributed its assets. As owners of a majority of Northern Securities stock, the Hill-Morgan party naturally favored a pro rata distribution of assets giving them a majority of Northern Pacific as well as Great Northern. And naturally the plan was opposed by the Harriman-Kuhn, Loeb & Co. interests, which had deposited a majority of Northern Pacific shares. Harriman contended that Northern Pacific and Great Northern shares had been received by the Northern Securities Company merely as custodian and

that the legal owners were the persons who had originally exchanged their shares for the stock of the Northern Securities Company.

Harriman applied to the courts for an injunction restraining the directors of the Northern Securities from carrying out their proposed plan. The application was granted by Judge Bradford of the United States Circuit Court. The case was then carried to the Court of Appeals, and in January of 1905 Judge Dallas, in reversing the decision of the lower court, declared that the injunction must be dissolved because the arrangement under which Great Northern and Northern Pacific had been acquired was one of unconditional purchase and sale. The case was again appealed. Early in March, in affirming the decision of Judge Dallas, the Supreme Court declared:

In fine, the title to these stocks, having intentionally been passed, the former owners, or part of them, cannot reclaim the specific shares, and must be content with their ratable proportion of the corporate assets.

Thus more than a year passed while the Hill and Harriman interests were disputing how the orders of the Supreme Court to dissolve the Northern Securities Company should be carried out. However, as soon as the Supreme Court approved of the pro rata distribution of Northern Securities assets, the circular of March 18, 1904, was again sent out and the work of dismantling the \$400,000 holding company began.

James J. Hill in a statement, made on the same day on which his long dispute with Harriman ended, said:

A pro rata distribution was the only practical way of carrying out the court's decision. A redistribution of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific stock originally deposited would have been out of the question. One might as well go to a bank and demand a return of the same money that one deposited there.

In the case of Northern Securities, a pro rata distribution was comparatively simple, for the reason that the stocks of only two railways were involved. With nearly one hundred separate oil companies and sixty-seven tobacco companies a very different situation now exists.

Clifford, C. R. *Rugs of the Orient*. Clifford & Lawton. \$2.
 Cross, G. *The Theology of Schleiermacher*. Univ. of Chicago Press. \$1.65.
 D'Alcho, A. *The Queens of Roman England and Their Successors*. Boston: Everett Pub. Co. \$2.
 Dale, M. *Thoughts for Flirts*. Hermann Lechner. 75 cents net.
 Decade in United States Steel. Dow, Jones & Co. 25 cents.
 Documentary History of American Industrial Society. Vols. IX and X. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co.
 Education of the Natives of Alaska and the Reindeer Service. Washington: Government Printing Office.
 Ferguson, C. *The University Militant*. Kennerley. \$1 net.
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 Fisher, J. R. *The End of the Irish Parliament*. Longmans.
 Fowler, W. W. *The Religious Experience of the Roman People*. (Gifford Lectures for 1909-10.) Macmillan. \$4 net.
 Gairdner, J. *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*. Vol. III. Macmillan. \$3.50 net.
 Garner, T., and Stratton, A. *The Domestic Architecture of England During the Tudor Period*. Vol. III. Scribner.
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Financial.

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Stedman, T. L. *A Practical Medical Dictionary*. William Wood & Co. \$5.
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 Thomas, M. *How to Understand Sculpture*. Macmillan. \$2 net.
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 Van Sickles, J. H., and Seegmiller, W. *Riverside Primer*; *Riverside First Reader*. Houghton Mifflin. 30 and 35 cents.
 War Department Annual Reports, 1910. 4 vols. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
 Warman, Cy. *Songs*. Boston: Rand Avery Co. \$1.
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